WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

"– But I Kept My Presence of Mind"

PARKER ~ EADIE ~ DOUGHERTY ~ GIBBONS ~ SPRINGS

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The first time you need a quart of oil — drain the crankcase. Fill with Texaco Golden Motor Oil and never use any other kind in the engine. See that the oil gauge is always at the proper level. Keep plenty of water in the radiator at all times.

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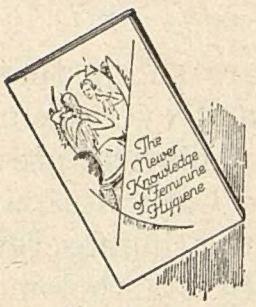
MOTOR OIL

Frankness ... need not be indelicate ... read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"



THERE are certain subjects so intimate that the woman of refinement often finds difficulty in discussing them with *anybody*. Strong as her desire for enlightenment may be, she cannot break through the barriers of a lifelong reserve to seek information about feminine hygiene.

A woman like this—sensitive and discriminating—is the very type that sets the highest value upon absolute physical daintiness. And it is for her "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written. In the privacy of her own room, she can read this booklet and learn all she has wanted to know. It is as frank as a physician's instructions. And just as impersonal. It contains the latest scientific conclusions upon a matter of the most vital interest and importance.

Be careful not to select the wrong antiseptic

It is entirely to be expected that doctors would approve of feminine hygiene. They do. They realize the safety of complete surgical cleanliness. They sympathize wholeheartedly with the modern woman who *will* not be satisfied with less. But the medical profession has always objected to the kind of antiseptics frequently employed.

The truth is this: Until Zonite appeared there really was no germicide strong enough for the purpose that was not terribly dangerous to use. Yet women continued to bring into the home bottles emblazoned with the skull-and-crossbones. *There is no such emblem on the Zonite bottle.*

Zonite removes the only objections possible

Before the coming of Zonite, the popular antiseptics for feminine hygiene were bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid compounds under various trade names. Caustic and poisonous preparations that often left disaster in their wake. Cases of mercurial poisoning are not by any means unusual. And the persistent use of carbolic acid is known to cause hardening of delicate membranes, areas of scar-tissue, and serious disturbance of normal body secretions.

No wonder women were fearful. No wonder they are now grateful for Zonite. For this remarkable antiseptic is actually soothing to sensitive tissues. It is absolutely safe even in the hands of a child. The risk of tragedy has disappeared forever, the tragedy of accidental poisoning that menaces the home harboring poisonous compounds. Zonite has finally removed every objection possible to make against a cleanly and sanitary practice. The Zonite method comprises all the *good* in feminine hygiene; does away with all the evil.

For Zonite is a powerful germicide, perfected upon a discovery—made during the World War—which saved untold lives and relieved dreadful sufferings in those times of anguish and horror. Zonite kills germs outright. Does not merely retard their growth temporarily, like some of the milder antiseptics. It is forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen, for example. *It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.*

What do the young wives talk about?

When young wives meet, the everyday life of the home is the main subject. Accidental cuts, baby's rash, husband's infected finger—all to be expected, all needing care and attention. Keep a bottle of Zonite handy. Zonite is the germicide of many uses. Kills germs *anywhere* they collect.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

This authoritative book is sent free on request

Read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This free booklet is a revelation to women. It covers the whole matter of feminine hygiene in a scientific way, clearly and frankly. Send for a copy and do not hesitate to pass it on to others who may need it. All the information is trustworthy and authoritative. This booklet is fast changing the attitude of women towards the practice of feminine hygiene. Check coupon and mail at once. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
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- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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APRIL 27, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 16

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

LIBERTY ALSO IS A RELIGION

Quantities of letters have come to Vox Pop on our recent editorial entitled Prohibition Is a Religion. Most of them are enthusiastic either in praise or in condemnation—and a careful reading of them leads us to conclude that the opinions of the writers are in every case precisely what they were before the editorial was printed.

Which, of course, is the usual fate of editorials.

Our correspondents in considerable numbers go back to the old argument that liquor is bad for you and therefore should be prohibited. They intimate with some acerbity that, if prohibition is a religion, anti-prohibition also is a religion. We put it another way: Liberty also is a religion.

To us Americans particularly, as to nearly all men, the love of liberty is natural. It is one of the first feelings young people know—the desire to have one's own way—and it is not extinguished until life is almost at its ebb.

There are people, such as volunteer soldiers, who give up their liberty of their own accord. But most people are unwilling to do this in times of peace. When there is war they are willing to give not only their liberty but their lives if necessary to save the lives of those they leave behind them.

Now, in the problem of alcohol, the question of liberty, much as it has been derided as a false issue, does enter, to a considerable extent, as regards the Eighteenth Amendment.

The wets are portrayed by the drys as slaves of their appetites—degenerate wretches and cross-eyed criminals who defy the laws of the United States to wallow in their vices.

Well now, if the drys knew better the souls of those who habitually and with clear consciences violate the Eighteenth Amendment, they would have better luck in handling this problem.

We are not talking now of those who make money out of selling liquor, but of those who spend money for it; in other words, of the ultimate consumer, without whom of course the bootlegging industry would die.

Such people, in former times, were always trying to restrain themselves from the abuse of liquor. We remember the " water wagon " habit of the not too dim past; the New Year resolution, and the promise to the little woman or the best girl. Nowadays such people don't swear off on New Year's Day. They bring home a case of gin instead.

The reason for this resistance, whether or not it is expressed in words, is that these people feel that the true religion of other people—in this case prohibition—is being imposed on them.

It is all very well to say this is the Constitution and must be obeyed, but the people we are referring to don't believe that. They know that other parts of the Constitution are not treated with the same reverence—particularly the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. They are not being asked to obey those, nor is any particular effort being made to enforce them.

The history of religious wars shows that, to win them, the most complete and overwhelming use of force is necessary. The Spaniards were able to drive the Jews and all save Catholics out of Spain, but it took the rack and the thumbscrew to do it. In France it required a St. Bartholomew's Eve and much bloodshed to drive the Huguenots from that country. Very few Huguenots were converted; many were killed and many more exiled.

When Cromwell went to Ireland to force people to be Protestants instead of Catholics he had to kill most of the Catholics. He didn't convert the Irish of what is now Ulster; he destroyed them.

We believe an analogous situation exists today. Unless the drys are able to extirpate the wets—to drive them to Canada, confiscate their property (which indeed they are doing) and impose capital punishment or torture upon them—there is not much chance of converting the wets to their way of thinking.

The drys confront a peculiar difficulty here, because this country was settled by people from all over Europe who believe in freedom. It is one reason perhaps why we have been always so wild and lawless.

But to expect that by appeals or jail sentences people on the wet side will be convinced is absurd. They will not be convinced.

It will be far better to solve the liquor problem as it was once being solved, by persuasion and local option, than by prohibition as a religion. Probably in the end this will come to pass, because in human hearts the love of liberty is more intense than the joy of oppressing people.

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No wonder . . .

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH BETTER

It contains the world's best cleansing agent
. . . a penetrating foam that cleans
where the toothbrush cannot reach

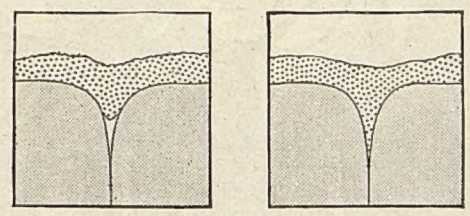
Your dentist will tell you that decay doesn't start on the smooth outer surfaces of the teeth . . . but in the tiny crevices which exist in all normal teeth, in which food particles and mucin collect.

No toothbrush can reach these hard-to-clean places. They must be cleansed by the dentifrice.

Hence the real test of your toothpaste is its ability to get down into these crevices and cleanse them thoroughly. A recent scientific test proved that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power that any of the leading toothpastes on the market today. This is the secret of Colgate's superior cleansing power.*

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

***How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach**



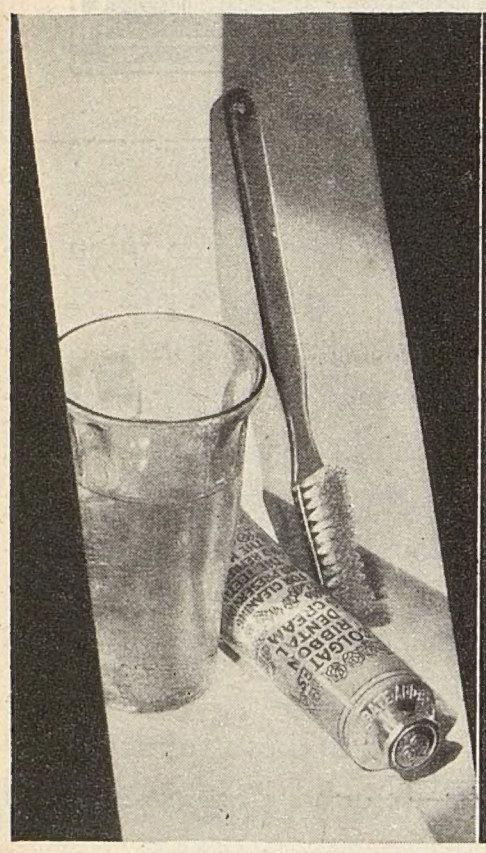
Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish tooth-paste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where causes of decay lurk.

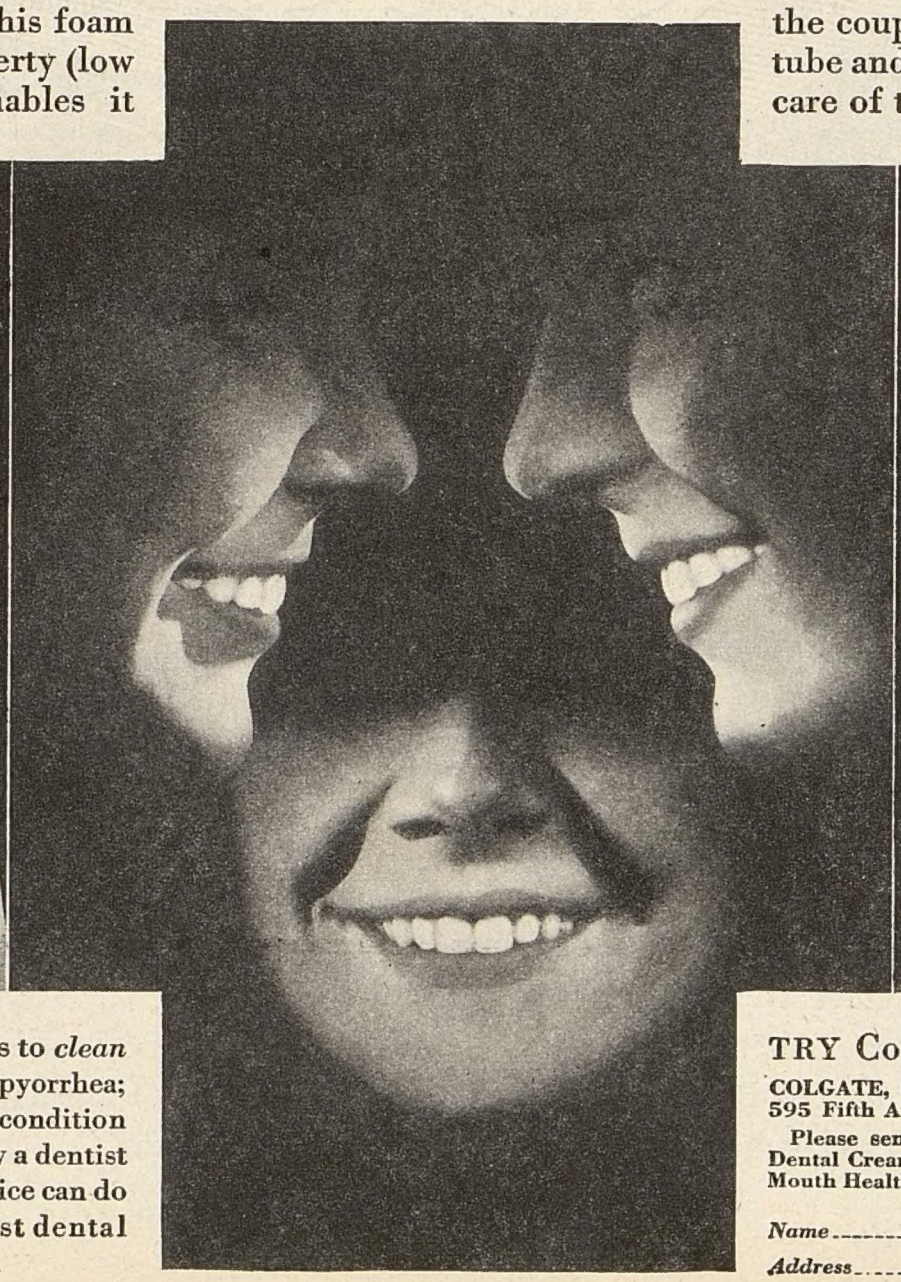
This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder . . . a polishing material prescribed by dentists . . . which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.





The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. These are things only a dentist can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

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Crime Passionnel

Picture by John Newton Howitt

A Story of the Law of Love

By Maude Parker

THE butler had just swung open the door into the pantry when Gilbert, waiting in the sunny dining room for fresh coffee, heard the ringing of the front door bell.

In the interval before the servant returned, he glanced at the morning newspaper, seeking headlines which bore no testimonial to this inane muddle human beings persisted in getting themselves into. He looked down again at the letter he had just received from his sister. She was as bad as the rest! Worse, for he had warned her that she was an idiot to leave her comfortable life in his bachelor establishment for some phantasy she called romance. Now she and her young husband were out on a Wyoming ranch, miles from good doctors, and she refused his offer to pay her expenses to Chicago where her baby could be born in comfortable surroundings.

"Bob can't go and I would be lost without him," she had written.

Well, that's the way people were! Morons—trading sane and dignified conduct for this emotional madness they called love. Their mother had been the same—a taint in the blood. Thank God, he had obliterated all trace of it in himself!

When Sumners came back, he apologized as he placed the Queen Anne silver pot in front of his employer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Women *Who* Write

WE'VE a lazy theory (lazy because we could just as well make some inquiries instead of theorizing) that women who write fiction like best to write novels. As you know, the world is full of lady novelists. But from this editorial chair the women who are successful at short-story writing do not seem so plentiful. LIBERTY picks its short stories quite without regard to the sex of the authors, taking them strictly as they come. So doing, we find that, by actual count, only 34 per cent of the short stories we have published in the last twelve months have been by women. And the proportion of feminine authors has been even less, since the 34 per cent includes several groups of six, eight, or ten stories written by the same woman, whereas the roster of men comprises a wide variety of names. As it works out, without any plan or intention, considerably more than two-thirds of our short-story contributors, week by week, are men.

IT seems a little curious. Surely none of the economic barriers they talk about applies to short-story writing as an occupation for women. There may be a profound significance in it somewhere, but all we are driving at now is a sort of toastmaster's introduction of MAUDE PARKER, whom, you will observe, we have with us this week. As the wife of Richard Washburn Child, former United States Ambassador to Italy, she wrote many articles on diplomatic life abroad; in recent years she has gone in for fiction and joined that successful minority we have been talking about. . . . Of the others pictured on this page, FRED MACISAAC is an erstwhile reporter and dramatic editor, once of Boston, but latterly removed to Hollywood, where he writes fiction, and GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY is a famous New York detective.

Maude Parker

George S. Dougherty

Fred MacIsaac

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS is included this week because we have news about him. Since the appearance of his recent stories in LIBERTY we have had quantities of letters asking about the prospect for more. These may now be answered with the tidings that he has just delivered the manuscript of a new series. We'll print it soon.

Robert W. Chambers

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Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Gardener's Daughter, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 40.

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" Beg pardon for the delay, sir."

" Who was it? "

" Miss Field and a—a foreign person. They've gone up to the drawing-room.

So Sylvia had found a way of making him see this Italian maid of hers, whose husband, worse luck, he was to defend that morning! The charge against him was attempted murder—he was guilty of it—he said he was guilty. A nice case for Gilbert to be mixed up in! But Sylvia's father, on whose Long Island place the man had been a gardener for many years, had persuaded one of the senior partners to have the case taken by the firm. The man who was to have pleaded it had developed bronchitis two days ago and Gilbert had been forced into his place.

Slowly he walked up the curved staircase. It sometimes seemed to him that in all the world he was the only person free of this befogging emotionalism.

Sylvia called out just as he saw her slim dark-clad figure: " Hello, A. D.! "

" Hello, Sylvia! "

" I want to talk to you alone for a minute."

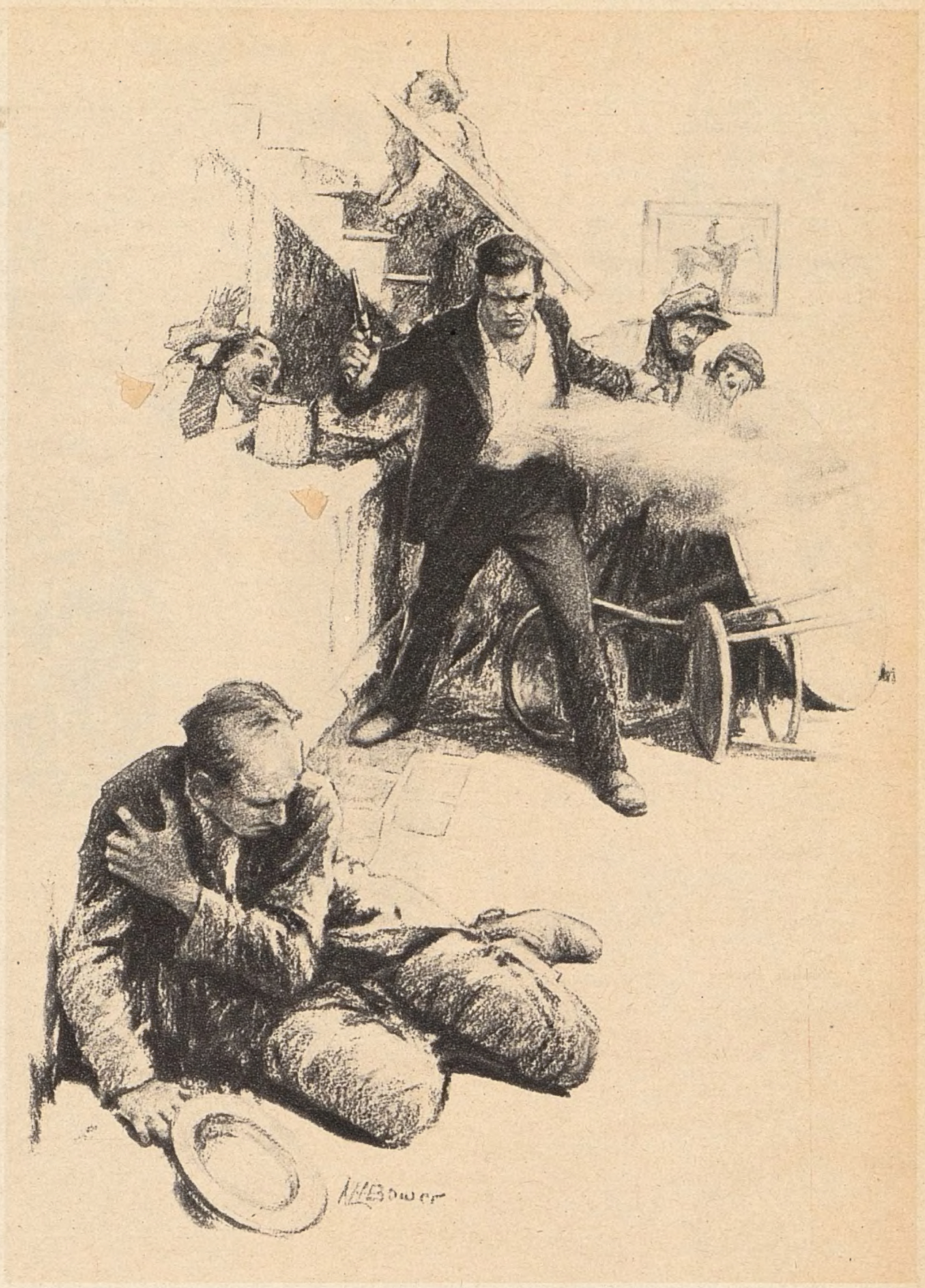
She moved toward the library at the rear. " Then Rosa can tell you her story."

He moved an upholstered chair near the window for his visitor, and stood with his shoulders leaning against the high mantel over the fireplace, looking down at her.

THE sunlight made her hair golden. Her gray eyes seemed strangely large and dark.

" A. D., this means more to me than I can tell you. I really love Rosa. She and Jo came over from Italy with us ten years ago, and she's not only been my maid—she's been more like a friend."

" What sophistry! " he thought.



Picture by M. L. Bower

" The second thing he did was to hunt out Veratti. After giving him fair warning, he shot him."

" She's nursed me when I've been ill, she's taken care of me as if I were her own child. That's the thing that makes me feel so dreadfully, you see—if it weren't for me this would never have happened! "

He asked permission to light his pipe. He had to fortify himself against an increasing irritation which had its root, he confessed to himself, in the way in which he had so narrowly escaped being deceived in Sylvia. Up to the time they had discussed this ridiculous affair, he had assumed she was a mature person with almost his own ideas of a well-ordered existence. In the mirror opposite he saw that his strong clean-cut features were tilted aggressively, and his hazel eyes, beneath thick black hair, were unfriendly.

She went on: " You see, Rosa would have gone home with Jo if father hadn't decided suddenly to go to Europe. So she refused to leave me alone. The fact that I was twenty-five, and fully capable of taking care of myself, didn't matter. She just wouldn't go. So Jo went alone."

" And the moment he had gone she began to flirt with this other Italian! "

" She did nothing of the sort! " Sylvia's eyes flashed with anger. " Oh, it's hopeless to try to talk to you. I don't believe you know what it is to be human! "

He smiled. " I consider that a compliment. I assume you mean that to be human is to act like a savage—to try to commit murder, for instance, as Rosa's husband did."

" Yes—under certain circumstances, I do! "

He inhaled deeply. " Under what circumstances, for instance? "

" War, for one. Love, for another! "

" Love? Why not call it by its proper name? Jealousy—possessiveness—hate of the other man."

She got up. She had to raise her head to look at him. The lines of her chin and throat were exquisite, he thought. She gave pleasure to his eyes—that's what women were for—pleasure. But the moment you took any of them seriously, the pleasure stopped, and they were capable of giving you the most hideous pain. Not for him!

" A. D., you're talking about something you don't know anything about! Jo shot that man for one reason only—and that was love. He was justified, too. This other man should have been killed—he was a contemptible scoun-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

" When he was nineteen, Jo had the good fortune to meet a girl who he knew was to be for all time his. Her

[CRIME PASSIONNEL
Continued from page nine]

drel! He kept Jo in Italy. He saw to it that he couldn't get back. Through some relatives of his he even kept his letters from coming to Rosa! Then he told Rosa Jo was going to stay there, that he had a girl at home, that he had run away from her! "

" And she loved her husband so much, she believed it, I suppose! " It was impossible to keep the sneer out of his voice.

" It's for that very reason she believed it! There's nothing too low to suspect about a person you love! "

" You seem to speak with authority about love? "

" I do! "

She said it with such quiet sincerity that for a second his heart did not beat. Then his lips twisted in what he hoped was a smile. A grim joke on him, certainly! He had wasted more time than he cared to remember in battling against the faintest personal interest in her, and now she made it clear that his struggle was unnecessary.

" Then you have such an advantage over me that I won't attempt to argue with you." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and thrust his hands into his pockets.

" Do you mean to tell me you've never been in love? "

" Never! "

" I'd be ashamed to admit it! "

" On the contrary. . . . But we were talking about Rosa, I believe."

THEY stared at each other. He thought that he actually disliked her and he was acutely conscious of her antagonism.

" I didn't know any one could be like you." The words came slowly, as if she were thinking out loud: " Everyone said you weren't the person for this case, but I told them your coldness was veneer—an armor you'd built in the childish hope of protecting yourself against life. But they were right. Now that I know what you're really like underneath, I'd rather have a shyster handle it than you! "

" It's a feminine prerogative to be personal, I suppose," he almost drawled the words, afraid of letting himself go, " but I can assure you, while we're on the subject, that I shall do my best for Jo's interests."

" Oh—legally! Yes, pride would make you do that. But you don't feel it—you don't know why he acted as he did. You can't put yourself in his place."

Picture by M. L. Bower

osa. For him there was no other woman."

"Naturally I can't!" He spoke sharply. "First of all, I can't imagine being obsessed by a woman as you've told me he was obsessed by Rosa. After all, you must see the humor of it. There are some millions of Italian women—many of them undoubtedly younger and prettier than she—any one of whom would have made him just as good a wife."

Sylvia opened her mouth, then closed it without speaking.

"Secondly," he went on, "assuming I had had this aberration, and some man had done to me what this man did to Jo—I think I would have had enough ingenuity and enough strength of character to make him right the wrong in a less primitive manner! After all, killing a man doesn't remedy anything."

"You would have gone to law about it, I suppose?"

The contempt in her voice increased his anger. "Yes. That's the function of the law. I chose it as a profession because it's based upon the desire of civilized men to emerge from savagery."

"And you think if he'd collected damages—if he'd got, let us say, a money compensation—it would have made up to him for the suffering he's gone through?" Her laugh sounded hysterical. She put a slender brown hand on the back of the chair to steady herself.

"I think it would have gone a long way toward doing so. You see, I look at life through the eyes of a realist. Fortunately I have never been able to wear the rose-colored spectacles which blind so many people to the truth."

"You think then, that money is important to human beings, compared to love or hate?"

"I do." He was remembering the humiliating poverty of his youth and his long struggle to save his self-respect by building a secure economic foundation.

"Then I think," and her eyes met his in scorn even more complete than that expressed by her measured words, "that you are a monster! I hope I never see you again as long as I live!"

She turned on her heel and, before he could move, walked out of the room. He heard her call to the other woman in Italian.

He followed her into the hall. "I would like to meet Rosa." He spoke as if addressing an antagonistic board of directors. "And will you please forget your personal prejudices long enough to assure her that I shall do everything in my power for my client!"

SYLVIA did not look at him as she repeated this message to the maid. But the older woman fixed upon him supplicating dark eyes, and before he could stop her bent over and pressed her lips to his hand. A flow of unintelligible words came from her as she straightened.

"She says the good God will bless you forever," Sylvia interpreted dryly. "She also says her husband is the best man who ever lived and she will kill herself if he is not freed." Then she put her arm around Rosa's shoulder and, speaking to her as gently as if she had been a child, guided her past him down the steps. Without turning, she commanded: "Don't come down!"

After a moment he heard the front door close.

Automatically he went to the windows of the drawing-room and looked down into the street. In front of the house a green roadster waited. The bareheaded man at the wheel, who jumped out as the woman emerged, was Sheldon Day!

Gilbert stepped back as if he had been struck.

If there was one person in the world who had come near breaking down the barrier he had built up against devastating emotions, it was this creature! They had been in college together—only Day had lived in the most luxurious quarters of any student there, and Gilbert had worked his way through.

Their enmity had dated from an encounter in their freshman year. At that time, one of Gilbert's ways of earning money had been to deliver firewood to the various rooms. Day had raised himself in bed one morning, clad in pyjamas of lavender silk which Gilbert could still remember vividly, and told him to build a fire so that he wouldn't have to dress in the cold.

"Build it yourself!" the boy had retorted.

"I hire people to do things like that."

"But not people like me." In his sudden anger he had found himself repeating a phrase learned from his mother, whose pride in her ancestry had increased with the poverty her worthless but adored husband had brought upon her. "My grandfather was the highest officer in our navy when yours was coming over in the steerage!"

The thing which made it unforgivable was that this chance retort had hit the literal truth. Day's grandfather had changed his name, to be sure, after he had accumulated a fortune by various means, but his origin was the one sensitive spot in his grandson's insolent egotism.

During their senior year, when A. D.'s unmistakable ability had earned for him the respect of all the best members of the class, Day had tried unsuccessfully to keep him out of the one society he desired to join.

As he stepped back from the window, Gilbert found his fists clenched.

He had seen Sheldon put a gloved hand affectionately on Sylvia's shoulder.

"Commiserating with her, I suppose! Of course he'd

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[CRIME PASSIONNEL
Continued from page eleven]

tell her how sorry he felt for Rosa, and what a fine manly thing Jo did!"

Then another idea occurred to him, and he stood still. Day was the man who had made her know what love was!

He remembered now that he had seen them together when he had first met her, but as he always refused to speak to Day, and at that time she had been only one of a group of attractive girls, he had forgotten it.

She would be just the kind of girl Day would marry! He had had one matrimonial disaster already, and although he had succeeded in keeping the details out of the newspapers, he had stayed at his villa on the Riviera for several years after his wife had left him. Now that he had come back, his position was insecure. Sylvia, with her excellent family connections, would raise even a cur like that into the world to which he aspired!

But on her part—could it be thinkable?

He went over in his mind all that she had said that morning. Words were what counted with her—as with the rest of these women. No matter what a man did, or what he was, all they judged by was what he said!

"Well," he told himself as he hurried toward the subway, "it serves me right for imagining she was different!"

Yet this philosophical conclusion did not comfort him as much as his maxims usually did. He had learned through years of self-discipline to guide his conduct by his intellect. He had eliminated, little by little, those factors which interfered with a rational course. That he was regarded, since his success, as being temperamentally cold and hard-headed, pleased him. He had no use for softness. If he had been without strength of character he would probably now have been a clerk in a drug store, instead of the youngest member of a distinguished law firm.

Worldly ambition was not his outstanding characteristic. He had been offered a much greater income only a few months ago by an international banking house, but he had refused it, because, as he had told Sylvia, his profession, as practiced by him, satisfied his intellectual passion for justice, for man's conscious struggle over impulses inherited from savages.

That was why, even before he had known Sylvia's connection with this case, it had been distasteful to him.

He intended to plead temporary insanity for his client and let it rest there. This he regarded as a statement of fact. A man must be insane who would try to kill another! In Gilbert's private belief, he was insane by very admission of his devouring love for Rosa.

HE had consulted a noted alienist during his hurried preparation of the case, after his partner's illness. The physician had expanded his theory.

"The French recognize it so clearly that the *crime passionnel* is rarely punished. They realize that when a man's blood is inflamed by jealousy, it paralyzes his conscience and produces automatic reflexes over which he has no control."

Gilbert had engaged this man to testify that morning although Jo's testimony the previous day had tended to defeat its power.

"You bet I know what I did!" he had declared. And the other side had emphasized this admission and the coolness of his carefully planned assault.

Before going on to the court room, Gilbert talked to one of his senior partners. "I probably made a mistake in asking you to take this case, A. D.," the older man confessed. "But Mr. Field insisted. He said this man Sheldon Day had told him you were just the person to handle it—that you'd been quite a speaker in college."

With difficulty, Gilbert spoke: "I was Ivy orator, sir, but, as Day knows quite well, my speech was criticized even then as being too cerebral. And that was thirteen years ago!"

"Well, the result is you find yourself with an uncongenial job on your hands. I'm sorry."

But Gilbert scarcely heard this apology.

The machinery of his mind was working with complete smoothness and rapidity. Day had suggested him, believing he would fail! Knowing Sylvia's deep interest in Jo's fate, he had conspired to involve Gilbert in it to his own undoing. Always working in the dark, like the worm he was!

As he took his place in the court room, he found that no effort of his will could detach his thoughts from Sylvia and Sheldon Day.

As in a haze he saw the officials take their place, the jury file into their twelve seats, the district attorney turning over papers and conferring busily with his assistants. Nothing seemed real except his mental picture of Day's hand on Sylvia's shoulder.

He heard the judge's preliminaries, he returned the nod which the alienist who was to testify gave him.

After the physician had been duly sworn, he described in scientific terms the effect which jealousy can exert over the actions of a man who is otherwise sane.

GILBERT longed to jump up and express simply the theories which were cloaked in the niceties of technical language. The district attorney had already played on the jury's racial prejudices by referring over and over again to the hot-blooded Latin temperament. In the face of that, the statement that the French condoned *crimes passionnels* was most unfortunate.

As the witness went on to his conclusion, without altering the boredom of the men about to pass judgment upon the defendant, Gilbert's legal partisanship increased.

With extraordinary skill the district attorney was twisting the words of the alienist to suit his own purpose.

He pounced upon his reference to *crimes passionnels*. He made him answer that these crimes of passion were of common occurrence in Latin countries. Before he finished with his triumphant misinterpretation, the physician appeared to be concurring in the conclusion that these lawless, excitable people over whom love and hate had such terrific power were a menace to a law-abiding, peaceful community. Gilbert realized that his case had been definitely damaged.

Just as he was called for the summing-up speech, to which he had given little preparation, assuming the alienist would have thoroughly paved the way for his plea of temporary insanity, he glanced down at the rows of spectators.

He saw Sheldon Day with his arm around the back of Sylvia's seat, leaning close to her, whispering in her ear.

In place of his former self a demon seemed to fill Gilbert's body. It was as if an atavistic volcano had burst the layers of self-control he had so conscientiously built up. If he could have got down from the platform he would have strangled Day with his bare fists.

Then he began to speak. But it was not he who addressed His Honor and the gentlemen of the jury. It was some other personality, held down, denied, during all these years, and now released. Even his voice had changed. It was deeper, even harsh at moments.

"The attorney for the prosecution, by juggling with words, has tried to convince you men in whose hands the fate of the defendant rests, that this is a case in which the welfare of the community is at stake.

"It is also my belief that the welfare of the community is the most important factor to be considered. Let us therefore consider it. Let us consider it as human beings."

With his subconscious mind he noted that the listlessness among the jurymen was disappearing.

"You have heard the story. I shall review it for you, briefly. For so much that does not belong to the essential truth has been thrust into it that you may not have realized, as I do, that there is not a decent man among us

who if he had been in Jo Pastori's place would not have done exactly what he did!"

The district attorney's eyes were upon him now. Plainly he had not expected this.

Gilbert's transformation was assuming tangible form. He himself was identified with Jo Pastori. It was his own crime he was defending.

"Here is a man!" He glanced at the brown-skinned, black-haired Italian who sat staring straight ahead of him as if into some vast distance. "A man, I tell you! Not a flabby, cringing sneak who would seek to obtain damages at law—money damages—for a crime which took from him everything that makes a man's life worth living! Not he! It was suggested to him by some of these same 'law-abiding, peaceful citizens' that he might collect money, that he might ruin this scoundrel's business, that he might, in short, with no danger to himself, indulge in the type of cowardly revenge which so-called civilized society condones!

"And he refused!

"He refused, just as any of us who are worthy to be called the name of man, would have refused.

"Money! Who but a coward would consider money a compensation for the love of a woman to whom he had given all that was best in his life?

"He laughed at the idea of playing safe—just as you or I would have laughed at it!

"He knew what he was doing. Yes, I agree with the prosecutor that he was sane. He himself says he was sane. He was sane because he did the only thing a decent man could do!"

Even the alienist was watching Gilbert's face.

"When he was nineteen, Jo had the good fortune to meet a girl who he knew was to be for all time his. Her name was Rosa. For him there was no other woman.

"Her family objected to the marriage. And Jo, in order to win their consent—belonging as he did to a race where the opinion of the older generation is respected—worked for eighteen hours a day for three years, in order to be able to take care of her!

"Six hours of sleep, for three years—and this in a climate where the hot sun makes most men indolent and destroys their ambition. Jo worked on two shifts of road builders—crushing rocks, laboring until at times his back was nearly bent double with fatigue, and his body seemed paralyzed from want of rest.

"THEN at last he married her. He gave her a house. He kept on working when, in the course of time, their first child was born. They were living in a small village near his work. The child became ill and, because there were no doctors within call, it died. The mother was stricken with grief. She felt the very natural desire to go away from the scene of this tragedy. So Jo gave up his job and took her to Florence. There he happened to meet a family of Americans who had rented a villa for the winter. They asked Jo to come back to this country with them as their gardener. They said Rosa could act as maid to their daughter. She was eager to go, and finally, although he hesitated to leave behind him all of his family and friends, he consented. He believed that in making this sacrifice he would secure for her and for any children which might be born to them the advantages which a free country offered.

"So they came over here, and for ten years Jo worked with complete faithfulness, about which you have heard his employer testify. His skill at his new occupation, the long hours which he worked over and above the hours for which he was engaged to work, were the least of his contributions to this household. They grew to depend upon him, as upon the most loyal and devoted of friends. It was Jo who found the youngest boy unconscious, miles from home, when his pony had returned without him, and, by finding him and carrying him back in his arms, saved his life.

"The keynote of Jo's character is loyalty. My distinguished opponent has more than once referred to the warm-hearted, emotional nature of the Latins. He has insinuated that we, as a nation, would be better off without that blood. That we would be a more efficient, colder people. But I do not believe that any one of us whose child's life had been saved because of this same warm-hearted, emotional nature which Jo displayed would agree with him.

"Jo had better offers, in terms of dollars and cents, from some of his employer's neighbors. He might have stuck to an eight-hour day and considered his bargain kept. He did none of these things. At any hour of the day or night he was ready to do the bidding of these people whom he had grown to love."

Pastori looked for a second at his attorney with the expression of a dumb animal who has found an understanding master.

GILBERT went on: "There were only two things which counted with him—this family, and his wife Rosa. For, to their sorrow, they had no other children of their own, and they turned toward these Americans the deep paternal and maternal devotion which is also a characteristic of these warm-hearted people.

"It was directly due to this quality of devotion that his present misfortune was brought upon him.

"He got word last year that his father had died in Italy. He and Rosa prepared to go over to see his mother.

"Then, just before they were to have sailed, Mr. Field was called to Europe on business. Rosa refused to leave her young mistress." Try as he would. he could not force his lips to utter Sylvia's name. "They told her this was unnecessary, but in the end her devotion to her charge, whom she had served with the untiring affection of a mother rather than a maid, caused her to stay behind.

"So Jo went alone."

Now it seemed to Gilbert that Veratti and Sheldon Day were one and the same. His voice changed again. It held a note of cosmic anger.

"There was a creature—no one could call him a man—whose name was Veratti. He was also an Italian, but he was not one of these warm-hearted, emotional Latins the counsel for the state holds in contempt. No, he was sly and shrewd. Not for him the courage of physical battle—for him and for his kind there are always the sewers where they can hide, the underground channels of lies and blackmail in which they move without danger to themselves.

"This Veratti had been an enemy of Jo's from the time they were boys together. While Jo was crushing rocks on a hot road, working eighteen hours a day so that he could provide a home of comfort for Rosa, Veratti was herding his fellow countrymen into steerage accommodations not fit for cattle, and shipping them to all parts of the globe at so much a head. He called himself a steamship agent. He made money. He tried by every means in his power to persuade Rosa, who was promised to Jo, to marry him.

"Jo found him at Rosa's house one Sunday when he had gone there to see her. He refused to leave, so Jo knocked him down. Veratti did not fight. Creatures like that never do.

"And although he came to this country a year or two after Jo, he took good care to keep out of his way.

"But shortly after Jo had left to see his widowed mother, Veratti turned up, in the guise of an old friend of the family. He laughed about their early quarrel, he said it was a boyish escapade which could not be taken seriously by grown men.

"Rosa was lonely. She had never been separated from her husband before. She was glad to see someone who knew Jo, someone who could talk to her in her own language, someone who could give her news of the family

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[CRIME PASSIONNEL
Continued from page thirteen]

she had left behind. He came more and more often, bringing her letters from their mutual acquaintance to read, always impersonal, always posing as a friend of Jo's."

Suddenly in an illuminating flash of comprehension Gilbert saw the core of his own mother's life, his sister's life, the lives of all women like them.

"A woman who truly loves a man, as Rosa loves Jo, builds her whole existence upon that love. While she feels that foundation secure, there is nothing else that matters. Poverty, disgrace, even death, do not count with her.

"But this idealism carries within itself the possibility of disaster. For if a human life depends upon one thing, and one thing only, when that one thing is swept away, nothing remains.

"So it was with Rosa, when Veratti, after skillfully winning her confidence, brought her letters which he said came from his friends in their home town, telling of Jo's infatuation for a girl there.

"If there is anything of insanity in this case, it was Rosa's condition then. For months she could neither sleep nor eat. She lost so much weight that her mistress feared for her health. But always she refused to make explanations. Her pride was too great, her loyalty to her love too intense.

"In all of this time she had received only one letter from Jo—Veratti's accomplices had taken care of that.

"Then this creature produced another letter, supposed to come from one of Rosa's own cousins, telling of Jo's plan to buy a house in the village, to settle down there with this girl, and never return to Rosa. . . .

"In the meantime Veratti's agents prevented Jo from returning. He had not received his final citizen's papers —they kept telling him the quota was full. He could not understand why he had had no letters from Rosa. She had stopped writing, when, through his silence, she had become convinced that Veratti's story was true.

"Finally Jo heard, through a letter one of his friends in America had sent home, that Rosa and Veratti were being seen together constantly.

"He did two things. He bought a gun—the gun you have seen exhibited here, and he telegraphed to Mr. Field, who was still in Paris.

"His employer through diplomatic channels straightened out the difficulties in the way of Jo's reëntry. Unfortunately, he knew nothing of the personal element involved.

"The first thing Jo did upon landing in New York was to go to Rosa. She told him the entire truth. The second thing he did, within ten hours of the time he stepped off the ship, was to hunt out Veratti, who was hiding, like the rat he was.

"After giving him fair warning, he shot him. He did not kill him—for the other rats in the place set up a cry for the police.

"JO gave himself up. He is here before you today. He has declared that he knew what he was doing. That he was sane.

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, and your honor, Jo Pastori was sane. He was more than sane. He was a man!"

He sat down. To his surprise he saw that his hands were trembling.

As if from a long distance he heard the district attorney's summing up of the case.

Then the judge arose and charged the jury to remember their vow to consider the case without prejudice, racial or otherwise. He added that in the contemplation of any crime, especially one of the serious nature of attempted murder, all of the circumstances must be carefully weighed. The records of both parties must be considered, their worth in the community, their previous reputations.

The jurymen filed out.

With difficulty Gilbert sat still. He was electrified by an emotion he had vowed never to feel. He was devoured by jealousy. Devoured by love. The madness had overtaken him. Within half an hour the jury returned. The foreman reported solemnly that on the third ballot the verdict of not guilty had been unanimous. The spectators cheered until the judge demanded silence. But even his dignified countenance expressed satisfaction.

As soon as he could Gilbert slipped out by the back way. To return to the office was impossible. He decided to go home. Home! What a strange word to apply to that expensively furnished house with its correct servants.

A picture of his sister on her ranch, with the husband she would not leave, came before his eyes . . . he saw his mother staying on in the shabby frame dwelling which was all his charming, ne'er-do-well father had left her, even after Gilbert had made enough money to buy her the best house in town. . . .

"Hey, you, stop!" a taxi driver yelled.

To Gilbert's amazement he found himself answering in a stream of tenement vituperation. Then he pursued his way to the curb.

A voice from inside the cab called: "A.D.! Stop! A.D.!"

Turning, he saw Sylvia leaning out of the opened door. She had been crying.

"Get in," she said; "you're stopping the traffic."

She pulled him by the coat sleeve into the seat beside her.

The driver turned around. "Where to?"

Sylvia looked at Gilbert. "I don't care," he said angrily.

"Drive to the park," she ordered.

IT was at least ten minutes before the tense silence was broken. "Look at me, A. D.!"

Her shoulder was so near his that again he saw Sheldon Day's hand on it, and he jerked himself violently away. "Haven't you made a fool of me long enough? Go back to your Sheldon Day! I saw you together!"

As Sylvia stared at him the tears which had filled her eyes fell upon her cheeks. At last she said: "That idiot! I've known him all my life, but I wouldn't go back to him if—if you stayed in Italy for ten years!"

So she knew—she knew that he was Jo and she was Rosa. The haze which had surrounded him, lifted a little. "You mean to say he's nothing to you?"

"Nothing but a poor weak creature for whom I have a certain amount of pity. He offered to motor Rosa and me in from the country this morning, and he insisted upon going to the trial. I've been trying to persuade his wife to go back to him, so perhaps he's grateful."

Gilbert buried his face in his hands.

"Aren't you well?" she asked.

"No." He straightened and looked at her. "And I'm afraid I never will be again. Sylvia, it's got me! I'm sunk!" He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Are you trying to tell me in a subtle way that you—you care for me?"

"Care for you? I am consumed by you! I didn't know there could be such agony as I went through when I saw you with Day."

Her face was alight with happiness which he could not misunderstand.

He went on: "And now I've let myself in for the capacity for unlimited suffering. I can't help it. I love you. I adore you!"

With difficulty, because his arms were so tightly around her, she said, "And I love you."

After the discreet chauffeur, unable to attract their attention, had twice driven the length of Central Park, Gilbert said, "Sylvia, this thing is devastating. It's turned me inside out." Then, disregarding the interested passers-by, he kissed her with convincing thoroughness. A little breathlessly he added, "I used to think I wanted peace. I wanted an inner privacy no one could ever penetrate. I didn't intend to let anyone have the power to make me miserable."

For a second she seemed distressed. "Oh, darling, I hate to think I've made you miserable!"

"No, you're wrong, beloved," he explained eagerly, confident that he had discovered an eternal truth. "You ought to be glad! For there isn't any other way of being happy!"

THE END

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International photo

A diver, just arrived at the surface, being taken on board the salvage ship Falcon.

Salvaging Sunken Subs

A Famous Diver's Account of His Most Thrilling Adventures

By TOM EADIE

LOOKED at one way, you might say my whole life up to winter before last was just getting ready to be on hand when Fred Michels needed me. I don't say any other diver on the S 4 salvage job couldn't have saved Michels, but I do say that all my training, all my work went into making me ready to handle the thing.

It really began by my enlisting in the navy in 1905, for no better reason than that I wasn't getting anywhere in the little-boy jobs I had had. It went on with the mechanical training I got in my first hitch, for I was assigned to the blacksmith and ship-fitter gang.

Just before my time was out I saw a class in diving being put down at the dock in Newport. I made up my mind I was going to dive, and I did, though I had to enlist for a second hitch to do it.

Then, in 1909, I volunteered for the submarines. All the time my real hunch was diving. So when a chance to dive came in the submarine flotilla, I volunteered. It was to get an anchor that had been lost in 120 feet of water. I managed to do a seamanlike job, and after that, when any diving was to be done, it seemed to be a case of "get Eadie to do it."

When my second cruise was finished, and I was out of the navy, I got a job as assistant to the civilian instructor in diving at the Newport torpedo station. This included all the diving work to be done on the station. The thing I had to do most often was to recover torpedoes that had sunk.

In 1916 they were organizing the Fleet Reserve, and were doing all they could to get former navy men to enlist. I went in, but went on working as a civilian diver. When war was declared, I was called back into the service, and I stayed on to December, 1920.

Then I became a civilian employee again, as rigger and diver, but about the only diving I did was on jobs that somebody else couldn't do. I was still an ordnance man and diver—the work as rigger having fallen off—when the steamship City of Rome hit the submarine S 51 and sank her, about twelve miles east of Block Island—that is to say, about eighteen miles to sea south from Newport.

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This happened September 25, 1925.

As a civilian employee of the station, I could not be ordered out on the job. As a matter of fact, I was on leave at the time, and didn't get back until October 11, when they had given up all hope of any rescue.

The S 51 was on a practice cruise, doing a run on the surface. The City of Rome came up astern of the sub, but never saw her red port running light until it was too late.

The steamship hit the S 51 on her port side, and cut right into her. The sub went down within three minutes, and all they could find, when the City of Rome lowered a lifeboat, were three men swimming. All three of them had been in their bunks and asleep when they were hit.

The accident happened at 10:30 at night. By dawn, the destroyer Putnam was rushing down to the bearings the City of Rome gave. The S 50, a sister ship to the 51, was also sent, but Lieutenant Hawkins, flying a seaplane, was the man who really found the oil slick that told where the wreck was, and led the ships to it.

The divers on duty at the torpedo station came down in the station diving boat Triton, and by afternoon three of them had got down to the S 51. It was tough diving, for she was in 130 feet of water in the open sea. But they got air hose hooked up to her salvage air lines, so that air could be forced into her compartments.

The divers stamped and banged on her decks, but they got no answering signal. Still, there was a chance that there was life aboard, and the rescue work went on. Two big derrick lighters, the Century and the Monarch, were sent for; they could lift, working together, 270 tons. They hooked on to slings put under the submarine's stern, and together tried to lift one end of her. They couldn't budge her.

International photo

The author, Tom Eadie, ace and instructor of divers on submarine salvage jobs, ready to don his helmet and descend to the sunken S 51.

By September 30 it was a sure thing that no life was left aboard the S 51. The divers had cut tiny holes through into every compartment and found them all flooded. All there was left to do was to get into her. Three days later the divers got the engine-room hatch off.

They found three bodies on the engine-room floor, at the foot of the ladder leading down from the hatch. Then they found that the after door of the engine room, leading to the motor room, had not been closed.

That told the whole story. The gash cut by the City of Rome had been so big, the inrush of water so sudden, that the men hadn't even had time to close the doors. All hands but the three men saved had drowned at once.

WHEN I got back from my leave, on October 11, I at once volunteered to go out on the S 51 job. It was our first attempt at salvaging a submarine; it was work that called for men experienced in deep diving, and it was the most important job that had ever come within my reach.

The executive officer at the station wirelessed to the officials in charge out at the wreck, and I was accepted. A diver's wife gets to know how risky this or that kind of a job is, so when I went home for my clothes it was necessary to tell my wife I had been ordered out to the S 51, and then just go.

Captain Ernest J. King, commander of the submarine base at New London, was in charge of the salvage operations. He knew, probably, more about submarines than anybody else within reach, though the salvage of a submarine under these circumstances had never been tried before.

Lieutenant Commander Edward E. Ellsberg, who was a naval constructor, was the engineering expert who handled the details of the work. He was a live wire, and his spirit when we came to our difficulties kept the divers on their toes. Later on, he made dives himself.

On the S 51 job he, like the rest of us, had it all to learn. There was no known technique of placing pontoons, for instance, and what we learned led to improvements in the pontoons themselves.

Gunner Clarence E. Tibbals was in charge of the divers. He decided whether this or that man could go down, and kept watch to see that they didn't stay down too long.

The situation out there was like this: the S 51 was lying on a bottom of clay, coarse sand, and fine gravel. She was a little down by the head, though her keel was clear to just about the anchor recess, some fifteen feet back from the bow—or near enough, anyway, so that we could get a chain under her there without tunneling.

THE City of Rome had hit her on the port side and cut right into the battery room. That is the compartment forward of the central operating compartment, or C. O. C., as it is called. The gash went clear up to the deck itself; it was much too big to patch and make tight.

So the proposition was to make the submarine as buoyant as possible and then to lift her by sinking pontoons in pairs along her sides, chaining them to her and blowing them. That is, forcing the water out of the pontoons by pumping in compressed air.

The forward half of the submarine couldn't be unwatered. The break was in the battery room, and there was a tangled mess of wreckage jammed against the door to the torpedo room, so it couldn't be closed. But the C. O. C., the engine room, and the motor room could all be unwatered and blown full of air, if the necessary work could be done inside the boat. This was the job that was put up to the divers.

Their other job was to dig tunnels under the vessel with streams of water from fire hose, so that chains could be run under her and attached to the pontoons.

We worked from the Falcon, the navy's salvage vessel, which was put on a set of moorings that held her directly over the S 51. The Vestal, our repair ship, anchored close by, and two big navy tugs acted as tenders.

We also had the S 50, which we used for rehearsing the jobs the divers were to do on the S 51. We learned the lead of pipes we had to blank off, and the location of valves we had to close and open.

There were twenty-one divers who worked on the S 51, though some made only one dive apiece. All, I found, were men I had instructed in diving at the station. Two of them, Fred Michels and Bill Carr, were special pals of mine, as they are today.

On October 11 I was delayed on the way out to the wreck. The sea had kicked up, and we had engine trouble. So I didn't make a dive that night, but the men who had been down told the rest of us what the conditions were.

At tunneling they had had no success; they were using

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Among all the honored names of industry, none inspires higher confidence and esteem in the minds of people the world over than the name Buick.

Men and women trust Buick to build as fine a motor car as it is humanly possible to build, and to continue to maintain Buick standards year after year.

The outgrowth of this confidence is a demand unequaled and unapproached in all the annals of fine car manufacture.

The world buys more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200. In fact, the ratio of preference is almost three to one.

Buick owners *alone* purchase more Buicks than the total annual production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

Eighty per cent of these owners buy Buicks again and again; and some have purchased as many as fifteen or twenty Buick cars over a period of years.

The world has displayed this confidence in Buick for a quarter of a century, and is paying its most impressive tribute to the fine Buick of today.

Naturally, favor so great imposes a strict responsibility to continue worthy; and the builders of Buick gladly accept that responsibility.

They pledge themselves to keep faith, in the future as in the past, with the world's ideals of Buick motor cars.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

hose the size of fire hose, with a pressure of about seventy pounds. It was so hard to handle that some of the divers wondered whether compressed air wouldn't be better.

I had had a good deal of experience, and I believed in the hydraulic wash for tunneling, but I didn't like to say anything until I had had a look. So next day, as early as I could, I went down and started washing away.

I started at the forward tunnel, which was to go through just abaft the anchor recess. The going wasn't too bad, and I got through past the keel on this first dive. I stayed down an hour, which was plenty long enough for a depth of 130 feet. There is a trick to the tunneling job. If a man stands facing his work and driving the hole in front of him, the sand and gravel pile up behind him and round him. I got my back against the hull, and started by washing away from it, making a broad, fan-shaped hole. Then I could turn round, face the boat, and cut a hole as straight and regular as a doorway. Once in a while I would have to turn round again, put my back to the hull, and fan away the stuff that had piled up.

I started on the port side, the worst of the two, because the boat had a list that way. After a while I got down to the keel. So I telephoned up and told the topside I had reached it, and for them to send a man down on the other side of the submarine.

I could hear my telephone tender pass the word. "Eadie says he's found the keel of her," he said.

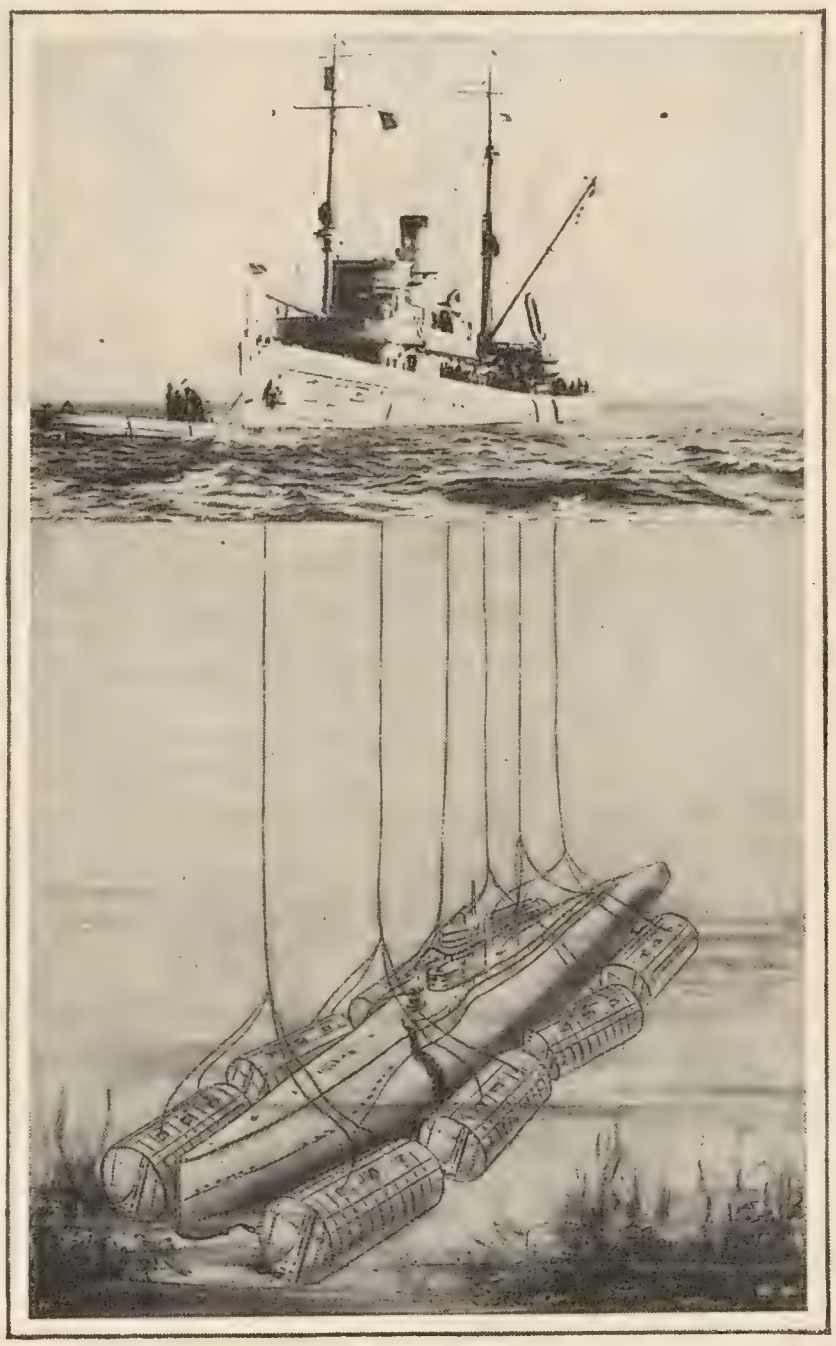
Then, in a moment he said, "Wait a minute, Tom —Commander Ellsberg's coming."

Ellsberg came, and said, "What's this, Eadie?"

"I've found the keel," said I.

He didn't believe me, for I had been down only an hour. He said, "What you've found is the rolling chock."

"I've found the eighteen-inch box keel," said I, and he was so tickled that he chucked his cap into the air, and it went overboard.



How the S 51 was salvaged. The cylinders beside her are the pontoons, made fast with chains. They and her undamaged after tanks are connected with the Falcon by hose lines, through which the water in them can be replaced with air.

"All right, I'll send down a man to relieve you," said he.

That was all right, for my time was up and more than up. It is not good to stay too long at 130 feet depth. More than that, there was some swell on, and any sea at all makes some men's heads ache, and is even dangerous to their eardrums. It did not trouble me. But I knew that Ellsberg was sending the relief man down partly to check up on what I had said.

WHEN I got up to the stage, and was taking my first period of decompression there, eighty feet under water, they told me by telephone that the man who relieved me had got a line under the keel.

The way this is done is, when you are nearly through, you bend a line on to a flexible rod, and shove the rod through the sand and up on the other side. A man there catches it and bends his own line on to the bent-up end of the rod. Then the first man hauls the rod back and bends the two lines together. That way you've got a continuous line which passes under the sunken sub.

Then the Falcon's crew make fast to one end of it a heavy manila line, and haul this down, and under, and up. This heavy line can stand the strain of pulling a wire rope down, and a wire rope is the only thing that can haul the heavy chain, with its two-and-a-half-inch links.

Tunneling is a tough job. You have to work in all sorts of positions, sometimes half buried in silt. There is constant danger that your exhaust valve on the side of your helmet may clog with silt and stop the release of your used air. If the valve clogs and the air is still coming in through your hose, your suit will inflate till you blow up to the surface—or else your suit will burst and you will be squeezed to death by the enormous water pressure.

The second day when I went down I landed on the deck and saw another diver standing there with a 1,000-watt light in his hand. We don't use lights working outside of a submarine, so I naturally looked to see what his situation was.

He had a turn of his hose and life line round a broken stanchion on deck. I went up to him and called his attention by a gesture to the fact that he was foul, but he motioned to me that he could clear himself.

THIS didn't take half a minute. But, to show you how close tabs they keep when we are down, the topside asked me what was the matter, why I didn't go on to my work.

"I've found a man that looks as if he was fouled by a turn in his line," said I, "but he says he's all right."

"All right," the topside answered, "go ahead and leave him."

I was anxious to get at my job. So I walked along the deck a little way, and jumped over the side.

As I landed it turned dark around me. I stood still, and peered about in this gloom till my eyes got accustomed to the lessened light. Then I saw what I took to be a man near me, but he had no hose or line on him.

"Gee," I said to myself, "this man hasn't any diving suit on. Where am I now?"

Then I realized that I had jumped right into the gash in the S 51's side, and was inside the boat. This man I was looking at was one of the crew who was so caught in the wreckage that they hadn't been able to get his body out, though this was October 13 and the wreck happened September 25. We were to have that man for company every time we worked in the S 51, all the rest of that fall till December, and again when we worked from April to July of the next year.

At the moment, though, I was chiefly concerned with my own fix. I thought, "Gee, this is a pretty tight place." But I stood still, and made it my first job to feel carefully round behind me, and find the sharp edges of the gash in the submarine's side. Broken metal can sometimes have an edge so sharp that it will cut right through a diving suit, to say nothing of having jagged points that can either hang you up or tear the suit.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

INTERNATIONAL

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—

—or an afternoon

Bear this in mind when you are looking toward Heavy-Duty Truck purchase and want the facts before you: Any Harvester branch or truck dealer will demonstrate an International for you at any time, right in your everyday work.

Whatever the nature of your hauling and your loads, we will put at your disposal an International of the size you need and let you compare its all-around performance with anything you are doing now or want to do.

Take that as the evidence of an *afternoon,* or a day or two, if longer time may be necessary. And take with it the evidence of the *twenty-five years* that the Harvester Company has been building trucks to do a truck's work as it should be done.

You owe it to your business to know this new International Heavy-Duty line with the new engines, new clutches, new transmissions, increased capacities, double reduction or chain final drive. All models have five speeds forward and two reverse, and 4-wheel brakes. The sizes range from 2½ to 5-ton. Speed dump trucks, also, down to 1-ton capacity.

Accept our invitation to *prove* this product of twenty-five years of progress in truck manufacture.

Besides Heavy-Duty Trucks, the International line includes the ¾-ton Special Delivery, the 1-ton Six-Speed Special, and Speed Trucks for 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton loads. Backing the trucks is an unequaled service organization—there are now 172 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada. Write for truck catalog.

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IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, AND CONSTIPATED

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Take Yeast Foam Tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders and run down conditions. There is nothing like them.

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For years this yeast has been used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by the leading universities of the nation and by the U. S. Government. Its potency is uniform, controlled and guaranteed. This yeast does not ferment or cause gas. Hence it is safe for the children.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

I got all the dangerous edges located, and the next thing was to make sure my hose and life line were clear. Then I blew myself up out of the hole by shutting my exhaust valve and making myself a little buoyant. Then I went along the deck a little farther, jumped over again, and went to work.

Pretty soon the topside telephoned. I cut down my air supply, for air makes a noise coming into the helmet, and you can't hear very well unless you cut it down.

"Go and get Frenchy L'Heureux," they were saying. "He's fouled."

"Who is he?" said I. "The man with the light?"

"That's the fellow," says my tender.

"O. K.," I said, and looked round.

I could see Frenchy's light some distance away and playing around as if he were moving it back and forth. He still had the turn round the stanchion, but it was rendering and had given him some fifty or sixty feet of slack. He was away from the submarine now, on the bottom.

I went over to him as fast as I could, tapped him on the helmet, and made a gesture to show I would help him. Then I traced his line and hose back to the submarine, climbed aboard, and cleared the turn from the stanchion.

Next I telephoned to the topside, "O. K.—pull him up."

"We can't," said they.

"Well, he's clear here," said I. "Better pull me all the way to the surface, and have Frenchy's line and hose handy so that I can descend on them."

THAT was the quickest way to find out where else his lines were fouled, and speed was needed if Frenchy was to be helped. You don't have much time to spare when a man is in trouble on the bottom; he can last only so many minutes.

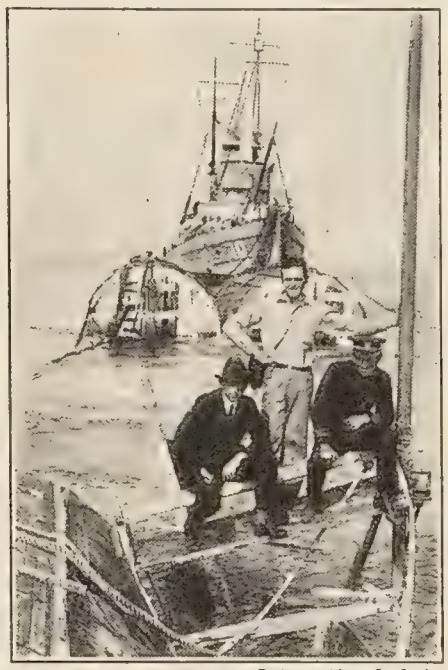
They hauled me, and as I came to the top they brought Frenchy's line and hose over to me; I grabbed them and slid down on them. They led right down to the stage, eighty feet below the surface, and there I found the trouble. The line had two turns round the stage.

All this time, of course, Frenchy was standing down there on the bottom waiting for something more to happen. So I got hold of his line and hauled him up and on to the stage with me. And by this time I was pretty well exhausted myself. I had cut down my air supply to telephone, and I had been doing some heavy hauling.

When Frenchy got on the stage he took my hand in both of his and gave me a wonderful shake.

I telephoned to the topside again and said, "He's on the stage, and apparently all right. He's got two turns round the stage, but I think I can take them out."

When I had rested, I passed L'Heureux twice round the stage and took the turns out of his line. Another man who had been working on the bottom came up on the stage, and we all three took our decompression under water instead of in the decompression chamber on deck.



International photo

Captain Henry Hartley, Captain Ernest J. King (standing up), and Lieutenant Commander E. E. Ellsberg on the S 51.

WHEN we got aboard and out of our diving suits I asked Frenchy how he got foul, and he said he didn't know. He was already beginning to cough, and before they could get him into the decompression chamber for recompression, he was beginning to turn black.

He was in the chamber, under gradually lessening pressure, for sixteen hours. But for the expert care of Gunner Tibbals, he would have died. It was a very bad case of the bends. He had to be sent to the naval hospital, and it was fifty days before he knew where he was. That man will never dive again.

After that day I worked on several of the eight tunnels—for there are two chains to be run for each pair of pontoons. Sometimes I would get one of the jobs inside the submarine.

We wanted badly to get into the C. O. C. Civilian divers had said it couldn't be done. Navy divers hadn't got in. It happens that there is nothing that I get more kick out of than seeing another man trying to do something he can't do and then going at it myself.

We were working through the engine-room hatch, and working in pairs. When you are working inside of a submarine another diver stands just outside. There is great danger that a man working in the tangle of machinery may get hung up; there must be a helper standing by to get him out.

This day I went down ahead of the others. I got to the narrow door between the engine room and the C. O. C., and turned sideways to edge my breastplate through. But I hung up in the doorway, and had to wiggle.

Suddenly I slipped right through,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Cleanliness can stand all eyes—*however close!*

LIFE today is *intimate*. Not at the theatre only but every day, everywhere, we are the target of *close-up, appraising eyes* . . . on the street, in crowded cars, at business, while shopping, in restaurants, among our friends . . . everywhere.

And how easy it is to forget that the kind of impression we make depends not nearly so much on expensive clothes as on something everyone may have . . . real cleanliness, from the skin out, daily or twice daily.

Step in before you step out

What is it about the thorough bath that seems almost to make different people of us, in a few short minutes?

It's a combination of effects, no doubt: Dull skin made vivid by the fresh-coursing blood just beneath; cleansed pores; high-lights in the hair, and nails now pink-and-white; new vitality; and confidence . . . a happy, priceless, self-assurance.

If you want to be more popular

Being popular, we suspect, is much more a matter of being natural—*unselfconscious*—than of being beautiful. And the reason that daily baths and complete changes of clothes pay such dividends is that they tremendously improve both naturalness and looks.

Clean clothes even FIT better

From stockings and underwear to every-day and evening dresses, freshly clean clothes fit better, look better, feel better.

Of course they have something important to do with charm, and with giving a better chance to the attractive personality that is really YOU.

And now, about cleanliness at home:

Should towels be shared any more than tooth brushes?

We do not share our tooth brushes, even with other members of the family. And so it should be about towels.

Our daily contacts are many. We mingle with strange crowds everywhere. Everyone has a right to a towel of his own . . . and should be made to use it. Real cleanliness is a personal and individual matter.

Wise cooks don't skimp on towels or table linen

Because wholesomeness as well as taste is an important ingredient, no really good cook begins any meal without first washing her hands.

And, in order that her silver and glasses may have full sparkle, she keeps plenty of dish towels and changes them often. Finally, her artfully prepared breakfasts, lunches and dinners are never served on soiled cloths.

To visitors and passersby, curtains tell a story

The curtains of our houses are the same kind of advertisements of our inner selves as are our washable clothes. Rightly or wrongly they proclaim us . . . clean, or not so clean. What are *your* curtains saying today?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

3 Singers Who Sing Blues At Their Bluest

BELLE BAKER

Belle Baker

Belle Baker, one of the biggest names on the vaudeville and musical comedy stage, has just signed a contract to make a talking movie. The salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid a stage star. As a singer of blues, Belle Baker admittedly has no equal. Hear her Brunswick recording of "My Man" (theme song of the motion picture "Mon Homme") and "That's How I Feel About You," Brunswick Record No. 4086.

EDITH EVANS

Edith Evans

Edith Evans stopped the show at her recent appearance at the Palace, New York City. No mention of Miss Evans is complete without including Ray Mayer, her accompanist. Together this team is one of the headliners of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit. "Ten Little Miles From Town" is one of Miss Evans' characteristic songs. No. 4089.

JUNE PURSELL

June Pursell

All radio owners on the Pacific Coast know June Pursell. Her voice and personality won thousands of friends for her who had never seen her. Recently, appearances in vaudeville have brought her into contact with thousands more, and now with her new Brunswick recordings she is creating a sensation among record-buyers the country over. Miss Pursell is at her best in "If I Had You" and "That's The Good Old Sunny South," No. 4230. Also hear her "Happy Days and Lonely Nights" and "High Up On A Hill Top." These records feature Roy Fox, the "whispering cornetist."

If there is no Brunswick dealer in your town, any of the above Brunswick Records will be sent you by mail on receipt of price, 75c each, plus 10c for postage. Address Dept. R-54, 623 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radios

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Chicago · New York · Toronto

Salvaging Sunken Subs

By Tom Eadie

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

and, before I thought, I said aloud, "My God, I'm in!"

The next thing to do was to see if I could get out again. I did get out just as the other man came along. He tried the doorway, and when he stuck in it I pushed him, to help him through. He didn't like it, and telephoned to the topside to tell Eadie to stop pushing him. So I stopped, and he tried again, and again he stuck, and again I pushed him. Then he waved me away.

We put our helmets together; you can hear that way.

"Can't you make it, Jimmy?" I said.

"No," said he; "it's too tight."

I called to whoever was tending my telephone to tell Ellsberg that we couldn't get in. I didn't want to tell that Jimmy couldn't get in, though I had been in myself. So in a minute the topside gave us another job that Ellsberg wanted done, and we did that. When we got back on the topside, Ellsberg said, "What was the matter? Why couldn't you get in?"

"The breastplate hung up in the doorway," I told him.

All the divers were talking about the job of getting into the C. O. C. I suggested a way it might be done.

"Why the hell didn't you do it yourself if it's so simple?" one guy asked.

"I would like to try it again," said I.

International photo

Keeping in touch by phone with divers working 130 feet below the surface.

BUT shortly after that, two other men did get in, and got credit for being the first men to enter the C. O. C. That would have been the end of it if a New York World reporter hadn't asked Tibbals who was the first man in.

"Eadie was," said Tibbals.

Ellsberg, who was sitting there, spoke up and said, "You're crazy. Eadie hasn't been in yet."

"I beg to differ with you, sir," said Tibbals. "Eadie was the first man in, for I happened to have his phone when he made that dive." He had heard my exclamation.

Ellsberg came rushing to where I was. "Here," says he, "you've been laying down on me!"

Well, I was all on edge, just getting ready to go overboard. "What do you mean by that?" I said. The "sir" business gets forgotten sometimes, out on these salvage jobs.

"You've been in the C. O. C.," said Ellsberg.

I didn't know how it had got out. So I only said, "Well, you seem to know all about it."

"Will you go in again?"

"Sure—any time."

"All right," said Ellsberg. "Your job's changed."

I went in that time alone, and Ellsberg kept me in there three hours and twenty-three minutes. It was the longest dive that was made on the S 51 job, and I was eleven hours under pressure altogether.

Ellsberg would tell me what to do, and when I had finished he would say, "Well, just one thing more before you leave."

Of course the C. O. C., where everything in the submarine centers, is the most important place. Ellsberg had me opening this valve and closing that one, so the tanks could be unwatered; finding out conditions, checking up.

I KNEW where things were, both from my experience in submarines and from rehearsals held on the S 50.

It is hard to make people understand just how a diver works. The trouble with diving is that when you go under water you go under pressure. The deeper you go, the more pressure you get: a pound to the square inch for every two feet you go down. There is about 2,000 square inches of surface on a man, so you have to take care, really, of a ton of pressure for every two feet you descend.

You can do that, but there's another thing. The nitrogen in the air will dissolve, just like carbonic acid gas in water, in your blood and the tissues of your body when you go under pressure. And when you come out from under pressure, unless you do it slowly, the nitrogen will come back in bubbles. These cause intense pain in joints and muscles, they put your lungs out of business, and they can easily kill you.

So for every minute you are down, you have to spend a minute coming up.

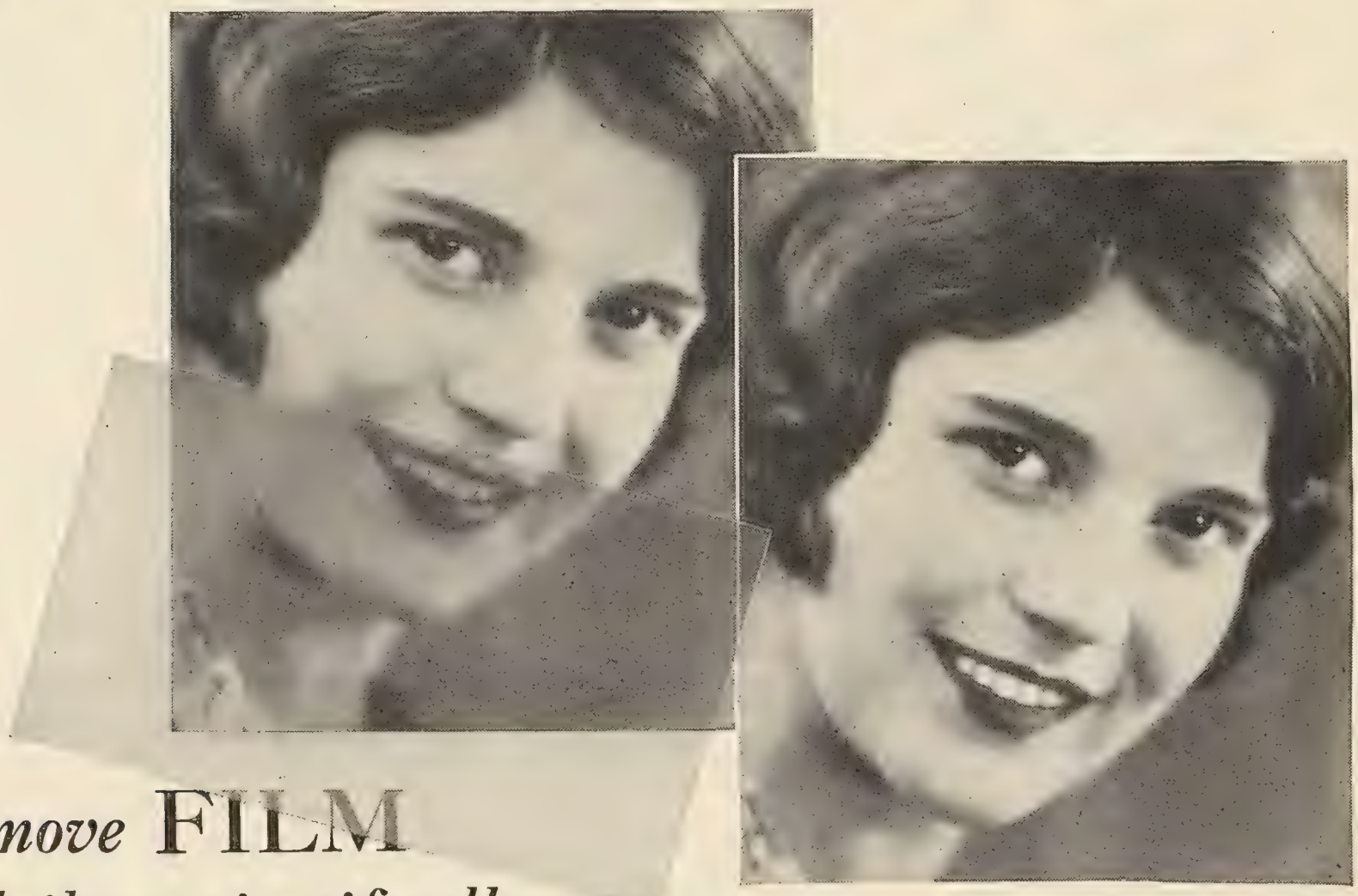
On the Falcon there is a diving stage. It is just a grated platform swung from four iron straps that come together overhead. It is lowered over the side by a donkey engine. When you have finished your dive, you go up as far as the stage—it may be at sixty feet, or, if you are working very deep, at eighty feet. You stay at that depth so many minutes; then they take you up ten feet, and you stay so many more.

It has been found, however, that after you have taken two stages in the water, they can haul you right on deck, strip off your helmet, weighted shoes, and weighted belt, and rush you into a decompression chamber, where they can blow in air up to the pressure you have just left, and so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Film Clings to Teeth—

In it are the acids of decay
Film-free teeth are white and healthy



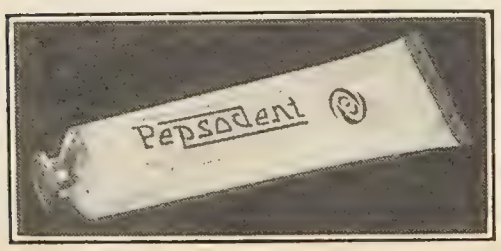
Remove FILM *daily—scientifically*

You must remove film to give teeth gleam and sparkle—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders. The new way urged widely by dentists

SOONER or later teeth get that discolored look. Then be careful, for that is likely to be the day when serious tooth and gum troubles get their start.

That is because dull teeth mean *teeth covered with a film.* And film, it's found, is the source of the commoner dental diseases including pyorrhea, bleeding gums, decay and many others. To remove it scientifically the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent is urged.

You will be sent a free 10-days' supply to try. Please mail the coupon before you forget.



Film—What it does

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated.

Pepsodent

The Special Film Removing Dentifrice

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay. It will work wonders with your smile.

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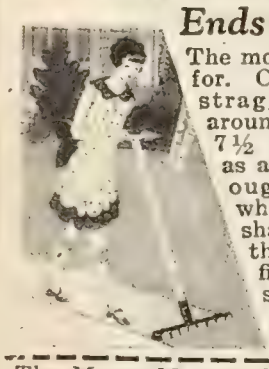

The mower you've been looking for. Cuts clean—no fringe of straggling grass by walks, around trees. Weighs only 7½ pounds, easy to handle as a rake. New idea! Thoroughly tested. Toothed wheels clip grass. Blades sharpen as they turn. Join the thousands of satisfied users. Cuts long or short grass.

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[SALVAGING SUNKEN SUBS Continued from page twenty-four]

decompress you slowly in comfort. That way, you won't get the bends.

People think a diver is lowered by his life line, and hauled up again by it. This is not so, except that in an emergency he might be hauled by it. But the line is very light, and might part, so he mostly goes down and comes up by his own control of his air. The first diver down on a job carries down a stout line. He makes the end of it fast aboard the submarine at a convenient place, and that line—it is called the "descending line"—is the going-down elevator after that.

On the S 51 job it was tough. The place was out in the open sea; there was always some swell, and there was a considerable current, too. That meant that when you were on the bottom your hose and line sagged off in a great curve, and there was always a pull on you.

We had a dead weight of about 760 tons to lift. We had eight eighty-ton pontoons, which would give 640 tons of buoyancy. The control room, engine room, and motor room, completely unwatered, would add about 400 tons, and the tanks—ballast tanks and fuel tanks—about 125 tons more.

We had to do all sorts of tricks. Where the control valves of the tanks could not be reached, we went over the side and burned holes in the lowest part of the tanks with electric torches. Then a diver would shove an air hose into the hole and displace the water with air.

To stop the engine-room and control-room ventilation valves, we poured liquid cement, a quick-hardening cement, down from the topside through a hose.

•

WHEN we got a compartment ready, all valves closed, we would hook it up to an air line outside and blow it. Sometimes we found leaks. Then we would have to find a way to stop these leaks.

The work went on night and day. I made two dives on some days.

We had finished the work in the C. O. C., but not in the engine room and motor room, when the bad weather began to get us. The water was getting colder all the time, and on November 30, when there had been nine days in succession on which it was too rough to dive, it was concluded to end the work for the season. The last work we did was to uncouple the hose that led into the engine room and hitch it on to the oil fuel tanks; then the Falcon salvaged the oil by blowing it into her own tanks.

At the last minute we all had close calls. When the oil was salvaged Fred Michels and I were sent below with wrenches, to uncouple the line from the oil tank. We each had a wrench so one of us could set his wrench on one side of the coupling and the other on the other side, and we could push against each other and unset the coupling. Just before we went down another diver, Bailey, had been brought aboard the Falcon unconscious — I didn't know from what cause.

© Henry Miller

President Coolidge decorating Tom Eadie with the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism on the S 4 salvage job.

I GOT to the deck of the submarine first. I put my wrench on and waited for "Mike." I heard his wrench drop on the deck near me, but I didn't see him. I thought he had gone to do something else, so I picked up his wrench, put it on and was able to uncouple the thing myself.

Then I told the topside I was going down into the engine room to try to bring up the body of a man that was jammed on top of the engine. For six weeks we had had to lift his waving legs up and go under them every time we had gone aft.

"Wait a minute," they said. I did, though I didn't know why.

Then they said, "All right, go ahead; but keep in close touch with the topside."

I tried to get the man out, but I had to report that it would be impossible to get him out whole, and they told me to leave him alone and come up.

As I started to leave the engine room, my air shut off in my control valve. The hiss that the air makes coming into the helmet stopped.

Of course I judged what had happened. My air had "frozen." Moist air under ice-cold sea water will deposit frost crystals round a needle valve, and it will stick. After that, all you've got is what air is in your suit.

More than that, I was still in the engine room. A certain number of the few precious breaths of air I had left must be used to get out, or I should be caught beyond any help.

I climbed out on deck rapidly but carefully and found my wrench. Then I hammered with it at the metal control valve down by my waist, hoping to jar the needle valve loose.

It got down to a matter of just how many raps more I could make before I went out—and then it happened!

The hammering broke out the frosting round the valve, and air came through to me again.

I called to the topside, " All right, ready to come up. Anything else? "

" No," they said. " Come up."

When I got up they told me Bailey and Mike had both had their air frozen, and that had made Bailey unconscious.

During the winter an enlisted man invented a hose nozzle for underwater work that let the diver handle 150 pounds of pressure easily where before he had had trouble controlling seventy pounds. This was lucky, for of course all our tunnels silted in while we were away, and in the spring we had to hose them out again.

Then came the real tough job, placing the pontoons. These are steel cylinders, thirty-two feet long and thirteen feet in diameter, sheathed with four-inch pine planking. Each is divided into two compartments, and there is a hawse pipe right through each compartment. The lifting chains were passed through these hawse pipes.

Each pontoon was fitted with four valves, and could be flooded or blown out from the deck of the Falcon by the air lines which were attached. The idea was to place the pontoons in pairs, one pair abreast of the anchor recess, a second pair abreast of the gun mount, the third abreast of the conning tower, and the fourth so far aft that its chains would be rove under the skeg.

Placing them, balancing them, making them fast, was all work for the divers, and heavy work. But it was all done by June 21. And then came our hard luck.

I had reported one of the forward pontoons leaking " about half a diver's air "—meaning that the stream of bubbles coming from it was about half the size of the stream that would come from a diver's helmet. The next man also reported it, but his estimate of the amount was higher than mine, and a third man's estimate was still higher.

THE officers decided that that pontoon was gaining about five tons of water a day. To keep her in the condition of partial buoyancy she then had, they ordered the equivalent in air pumped into her. This was too much, and she was gaining buoyancy all the time.

The lift had been set for the next day, June 22. But there was so much wind and sea that it was decided not to try to lift her. It was so rough that it was inadvisable for divers to go down, and it was getting worse.

So it was decided to have the Falcon just go into her moorings over the submarine, pick up her blowing hoses —which of course were all buoyed out—and boost all the tanks with just enough air to overcome leakage.

Several of the pontoons had been boosted, but supposedly not the bow pair. Nobody knew it, but one of that bow pair also had been boosted steadily for days, and probably had nearly its full buoyancy of eighty tons. Probably, too, the lift it had been giving the submarine had helped the S 51 to work loose from her bed.

All we knew was that suddenly great bubbles began to burst under the Falcon's stern; she was lying end-for-end over the S 51.

Captain Harry Hartley swung the Falcon's stern round quick, and not a minute too soon. Right where it had been, the bow of the S 51 and four of the pontoons came up in a great boil of white water, and began to thrash around furiously in the rough sea.

The great wood-sheathed cylinders would surge back and forth, and thump each other, and splinter the sheathing. The pounding of the second pair forced the lashings of the bow pair down on the tapering bow, and they were looser than ever.

There was only one thing to do: open the flood valves on the four thrashing pontoons and let the bow of the S 51 down to the bottom again. Going aboard those pontoons in a seaway was dangerous, so dangerous that volunteers were called for. There were plenty of them.

They got one valve open on each pontoon, and the submarine finally sank after being upended for three hours. This was what the newspapers called the " unsuccessful attempt " to raise the submarine. Of course it was nothing of the kind.

Four of the pontoons were badly smashed up, and had

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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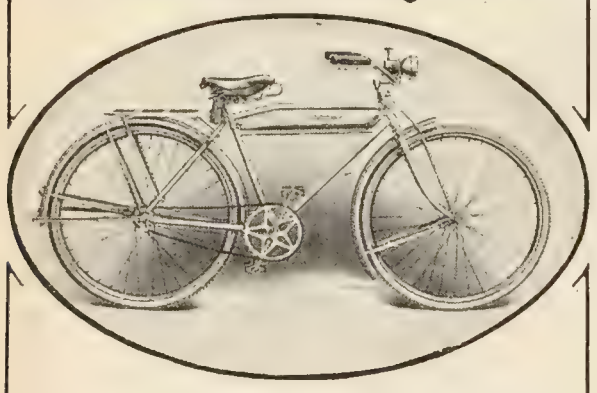

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[SALVAGING SUNKEN SUBS
Continued from page twenty-seven]

to be repaired. Then they all had to be placed again, and some of the tunnels had to be washed out again, for the S 51, when she went down again, shifted her position.

It was while I was washing at one of these tunnels, a few days later, that I got one of the closest calls of my whole life. What happened was that at some time while I was working I cut down my air at the control valve, to make myself less buoyant. As sometimes happens, a little water came into my helmet through the exhaust valve when the pressure let up. But this time a little silt came in also—and clogged the valve.

I knew nothing about it until I had finished my work and was up on the stage. Then I suddenly felt myself become buoyant. The air was coming in, but it wasn't getting out through my exhaust valve.

Now, if your suit gets full of air and you start to rise, every foot you rise adds to your buoyancy as the water pressure becomes less and less. So you go faster and faster. If you happened, for instance, to come up under the Falcon, you'd hit her like a pile driver. It would put your head right down into your boots.

I tried to shut off my control valve, but the suit was so inflated that I couldn't even get my hand down. I was about ready to start up, so I did the only thing I could do—stuck out my foot and caught it in the stage, to hold me down.

OF course my helmet and breastplate had risen right up, and were far above my head. The top rim of the breastplate caught me under the nose.

I shouted to the topside to shut off the air, but I was talking into my suit. And with my nose held that way, I was speaking very indistinctly. They couldn't understand me.

After awhile, with me shouting that way and no results, my suit distended so much that it carried away the buckles on my belt.

The straps parted, and the belt, with 100 pounds of lead weights on it, dropped around my feet. I said to myself, "Here's where I make a wonderful anchor."

It couldn't last long; something was bound to give, and it was the suit that let go. It literally exploded, went off like a gun, and then crushed in on me with the terrible pressure of the water.

My helmet seemed to leave me, and I settled down on the stage. But now I could move my arms, and I grabbed at the helmet overhead, and pulled it down on my shoulders.

At once I had air again, for of course it was still coming.

"I've got air—I'm all right," I said to myself. Then I telephoned to the topside, "My suit has carried away and my weights are down around my feet. I'm all right, but you'd better haul me up."

They hauled, but instead of hauling the stage, they hauled me on my line, and I had to take the whole strain on my right arm.

UP I went through the water, holding the helmet down on to my head and hanging on to the slack of the line to keep them from taking it away from me altogether. The belt and lead were still hanging round my feet.

When I got to the surface and they saw my condition, one man dove right overboard to help me. But I motioned to them to lower a stage and put it under me. They did, and I swung aboard of it with my free hand and landed sitting down.

They rushed me into the decompression chamber, and the doctor looked in at me and then asked me if I needed anything. I told him I wanted something to fix up my upper lip; I was bleeding like a pig where the breastplate had cut me. And I added that I wanted four fingers of hooch. I got them.

On Monday, July 5, we finally got the S 51 up, a day ahead of schedule, in perfect shape. Then we towed down Long Island Sound, as all the world knows, and struck on Man-of-War Rock, within plain sight of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We got off that night, and into the dry dock next morning, without further accident, though with a good many anxious moments. And when I had gone down once more, to examine the sill of the dock and make sure no lines or wires were trailing across it so that the gates couldn't close tight, my work on the salvage of the S 51 was finished.

An article by Tom Eadie on an even more adventurous job of submarine salvage will appear in an early issue.

Next Week—

Theodore Roosevelt

begins

A series of intimate reminiscences and revelations concerning three generations of Roosevelts

entitled

All in the Family

Wilder and WILDER

Mlle. Damita Touches Up The Bridge of San Luis Rey

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Lily Damita and Don Alvarado in one of the quieter scenes in The Bridge of San Luis Rey.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Thornton Wilder, Gene Tunney's five-syllable pal, wrote The Bridge of San Luis Rey, the film wiseacres checked it as one novel the movies would never tackle.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey, title and all, now emerges from the Metro-Goldwyn studios. It comes through the movie mill with the usual bruises and abrasions.

The film version appears as a panorama of the fair gutter beauty, Camila, and her tawdry indiscretions. While the bridge falls twice in the film—at the start and, after the long flashback, at the end—the unmoral Camila falls far more often.

The smiling banjoist holding down the log is named Stepin Fetchit. He's serenading Vivian Smith. Both are in the all-Negro movie Hearts in Dixie.

The scene is still Peru and the camera opens upon the bridge's collapse, tossing five chance passers-by into the gorge below. Then the story moves back to show how these five came to meet their foredoomed fate.

The film (mostly silent) is really the story of Camila, the dancer, who is faithless to every one of her lovers. Mr. Wilder made Camila an actress and rather an interesting one. The film transforms her into a highly flexible dancer—and one who does not move her feet, at that. As Camila, the imported French actress, Lily Damita, almost sets the celluloid ablaze.

It is characteristic, of course, to see the Wilder philosophical novel switched into a hot story of a rampageous dancer. To twist the study of why God cast five people into eternity into a peppy portrait of a heartless gamin is a mere detail to Hollywood. The film moguls always reach for a vamp instead of a moral.

★ ★ ★

Don't go to William Fox's all-talkie and all-Negro film, Hearts in Dixie, expecting the usual celluloid entertainment. This in many ways is a surprising genre study of a race.

The whole thing is held together by a slender little story of an old darky who, realizing the superstitions and lack of larnin' of his people, sells his farm to send his tiny grandson North to get an education.

This yarn holds together a whole series of incidents depicting the Negro at work and at play—in the cotton fields, on the levee, and in those ultimate moments of death, marriage, and jubilee.

A lot of the enjoyment of Hearts in Dixie is due to a rare characterization of a shiftless, no-'count nigger done by a darky bearing the extraordinary name of Stepin Fetchit. His performance of a lazy black with the misery in his feet is priceless. The real name of Fetchit, by the way, is Joe Perry. He once was groom to a race horse named Stepin Fetchit and he borrowed the glamorous cognomen.

★ ★

His Captive Woman is the luridly titled First National co-starring vehicle of Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill. It tells how a New York cop chases a beautiful murderess to the South Seas. They are shipwrecked alone on an island for five years, but, in the end, the cop brings her back to face her crime. This, too, although he has come to love the blonde killer, now regenerated by her experience.

A little preposterous, to say the least, but given a certain interest by Miss Mackaill's picture of a cabaret cutie acquiring regeneration in abbreviated shipwreck tatters.

Do you know that—

Greta Garbo is back from Sweden? . . . Radio Pictures has signed Bebe Daniels for the talkies? . . . Richard Barthelmess will have Alice Day as his leading woman in his next, a newspaper story called Drag? . . . Harry Carey is to be Trader Horn?

The Sole Survivor

The Story of a Bachelor's Last Stand

By

FRED MACISAAC

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN a man and a girl decided to get married, according to the observations of Bill Doggett, the man did not get a fifty-fifty break; he got about five-ninety-five. No less than four of his classmates had marched to the altar in the last two years, accompanied by various kinds of girls wearing long white veils, while Bill, as an usher, had been exceptionally well posted to make his observations.

There had been old Jack Peebles, tackle on the Varsity, and Jim Bleaker, class orator, and Francis Vincent, baseball pitcher, and Luke Veeder, the college chess champion—good men all and what were they now? Worms.

Luke Veeder had been the last to fall, three months ago, and only that afternoon he had tried to apologize to Bill for not asking him out any more. His wife thought he was a bad influence. The other three good old pals had passed him up long ago. In Harvard, five years back, they had been known as the Crazy Quintet. He was the sole survivor and he was lonesome.

"It's like this, Folsom," said Bill, as he and Dave Folsom, who had just become engaged, were sitting in the smoke room at the Harvard Club. "Marriage is a skin game. It's a female institution, a form of slavery that ought to be prohibited by the Constitution. I know your girl and she's all right."

"You bet your goggles she's all right," said Dave Folsom impressively.

"I don't say anything against her—it's the system. You think she's going to belong to you and you're going to belong to her, and the last part's right. Marriage took my gang and, being an intimate friend of all four of them, I had a chance to see how it works.

"These were good boys, Dave," he mourned. "They lived comfortably at a club or in a little apartment within walking distance of the theaters and speak-easies; they kept open house, they stayed out all night playing bridge or poker, and if they wanted to go anywhere they just packed a bag and went. Now look at them. Every darn one of them lives in Brooklyn or further away. They live in ten- or twelve-room houses. One room for them and nine rooms for the missus."

"I think it's going to be nice to have a little home of my own," said the amorous Folsom.

"Home of your own, you poor sap! *Her* own. You won't be allowed to smoke in the joint on account of the curtains. You'll have to tend the furnace. You've got a car, but it won't be yours any more. She'll need it to run around in, and you'll commute. Ninety per cent of your salary will go into her claws; two suits a year and lunch money for you—fur coats and Paris gowns for her. You've got friends. She'll run every one of 'em out of the house and fill it up with her friends. When you want to take a night off and run in to New York by yourself, you won't dare say so or you'll be crowned. Be wise, Dave, and bust this engagement."

"I've a mind to bust you on the nose," snarled Dave, who was a little frightened at the prophecy.

"When each of the boys got married they were going to have me down every week-end. There was to be a room in

She confronted Davenport with blazing eyes. "Oh, you brute!" she cried. "How dare you attack this poor boy?"

each of their little homes for me. Their wives held my hand and told me they loved me almost as much as they did their victims. Well, they had me down to dinner, every one of them, and in each case there was a funny looking girl friend I was expected to love and marry. And when I let them see that I wasn't having any of that, they poisoned the minds of the boys against me. It's drop me or have trouble at home—and they dropped me. Anyway, they were no good to me any more because they were in jail and couldn't get out."

"You're just a bag of hot air," sneered Dave Folsom. "When you meet the right girl, you'll fall like the rest of us and I hope she imprisons you in the coal cellar."

With this he walked out on Bill Doggett and gloom descended upon the sole survivor. He was a social soul and he hated to be alone. Sighing, he rose and got his hat and coat—it was winter in New York—and went out of the front door of the club to be greeted by a howling blast from the Atlantic Ocean. Turning back, he hesitated and then drew from his breast pocket a memorandum book in which were names and telephone numbers.

While Bill Doggett was not fooled by women, he liked them; it was not the sex, but the institution of matrimony that he despised. All the members of the gang had married home girls; that is, young women reared in the shelter of middle-class, fairly prosperous homes; reared in comfort and left in ignorance of ways of earning a living because, if they didn't marry, their parents would always take care of them. These home girls were the dangerous kind, because they got so bored at home they schemed to get married and they would marry almost anybody.

BILL DOGGETT went in for a different sort of girl, the bachelor girl. Bachelor girls earned their own living and had nice little apartments in which they were willing to admit gentlemen bachelors on cold evenings and where they made a fuss over male visitors. Some of them were actresses, some stenographers, secretaries, solicitors, writers, and artists. They were free and easy and they jeered at the little homes on Long Island as heartily as Bill Doggett.

Catch them living twenty-five miles from the bright lights. Try to make them cook and scrub and market for a fifty- or sixty-dollar-a-week husband. Most of them earned fifty or sixty dollars a week themselves. Of course they expected to marry some day, but they would do it cold-bloodedly for the purpose of bettering themselves. In the meantime, they wanted to play and enjoy life.

Bill Doggett was quite at ease with bachelor girls, because he knew they would not become seriously interested in a seventy-five-dollar-a-week bond salesman, not these big-game hunters. They received him as a pal; they told him their troubles; they mixed drinks for him and let him escort them occasionally to theaters and parties and speak-easies.

He turned first to Laura's telephone number. Forget-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

ting telephone numbers was his chief weakness and, though he called Laura once a week, he always had to look up her number.

Laura Benson was an actress, at present unemployed, who lived on the third floor of a walk-up apartment house in the East Fifties. She was twenty-two years old, had been on the stage three years, and had played some pretty good parts. Her type was rather vampish, though Bill knew that her nature was singularly sweet and mild. She had very black hair, a long face with pointed chin, exceptionally large eyes, a fine nose and mouth, and a figure that was unsurpassed in the New York theater. He had known Laura for two years and she was about his best pal.

No nonsense there. He had never even kissed her. But they had the most absorbing talks.

Laura answered the phone. "Hello, Bill. Well, yes, you can drop in if you like. There are people here."

"The more the merrier," he replied cheerfully. "It's a wild night on the coast."

In fifteen minutes he was admitted by Laura into a large room which she had succeeded in making look Florentine to go with her general appearance. The "people" consisted of a large man who sat uncomfortably on a straight-back, uncushioned Florentine chair, and whose greeting of Bill could not be called cordial.

Laura was in a long, clinging brilliant negligée and on a table in a corner of the room stood the remains of a dinner. Bill's eyes opened when he saw in a cooler the top of a champagne bottle.

"I want you to meet Bill Doggett, Mr. Davenport," said Laura with a slight smile. "One of my oldest friends."

Mr. Davenport got up reluctantly. He had a thick red neck, small features, and a round red face. His dress shirt bulged, and a skillful tailor had not been able to conceal the fact that he was at least forty pounds overweight. He had small, pale blue eyes which took Bill in disdainfully. Bill knew the type. The brute was rich. The big diamonds shining so vulgarly in his shirt front were not necessary to persuade him of that. It was because the fellow had the nasty manner which goes with big money.

"I'M sorry to intrude," Bill said stiffly. "I'll be running along."

Laura possessed herself of his hat and coat. "You sit right down. You don't intrude, does he, Mr. Davenport?"

"Huh? Er, no, certainly not." His manner said, "Get out, you nincompoop," so Bill decided to stay a while.

Laura gave Bill another of the fiendish Renaissance chairs and laid herself gracefully upon a low, cushioned bench. She, at any rate, would be comfortable.

"You see, Bill," she said—her voice was contralto, rich, mellow, intriguing—"we were going out to dinner, but I wasn't feeling very well and Mr. Davenport had a wonderful idea. He phoned the Ritz to send us over a dinner, so we dined here cozily and deliciously."

"That was very thoughtful of you," approved Bill Doggett. Mr. Davenport grunted. Bill glanced at the remnants of the feast and calculated it had cost Mr. Davenport sixty or seventy dollars to have it sent in. He was going to spoil Laura, who went cheerfully with Bill to dollar table d'hôtes.

"What's your business, young fellow?" demanded Davenport gruffly.

"What's yours?" retorted Bill insolently.

"Why, this is Mr. Davenport, of Fulton & Blum, the bankers," declared Laura with lifted eyebrows. "I supposed you knew, Bill, being in Wall Street yourself."

"Huh," grunted Davenport. "You in Wall Street?"

"Yes. I'm selling bonds for Wakefield & Cadmun."

"Never heard of them," replied Mr. Davenport. "Very small house, I guess."

"I'll ask the firm to send you our circulars," Bill said brightly.

"Put over a big deal today, Laura," Davenport said in his fat, satisfied barytone. "Underwrote a million eight hundred thousand dollar loan for a new office building."

Laura looked so impressed that Bill got mad.

"That's nothing. My friend Andy Mellon just paid off a thousand millions of the national debt."

Davenport ignored him. "I saw a house on Long Island the other day I'm thinking of buying. Cost about a hundred thousand now and cost three hundred thousand to build five years ago."

"I can't stand Long Island. The millionaires are geting in there," replied Bill, although the remark was not addressed to him.

DAVENPORT turned his unpleasant eyes on him. "Young man, you may not know enough to realize it, but you are offensive."

"Behave, Bill," commanded Laura, but her eyes laughed.

Bill rose. "Got to be toddling. Laura, don't keep Mr. Davenport up too late."

Laura did not rise, but extended her hand. "Call me soon, darling," she said.

"Good night, Mr. Davenport," he chirped.

"Good night," growled Davenport.

Once outside, Bill's buoyancy vanished and the blues came back.

So he was losing Laura, too. Laura the good sport, the laughing playmate, the girl who hated domesticity, who decried marriage. This big, savage brute was in love with her and she was leading him on. Laura was out to make a big marriage. She wanted millions and she was willing to take the dreadful Davenport along with his money. It was ghastly.

Well, she had been handing him a lot of bull while, all the time, her sharp eyes were peeled for somebody—anybody—with a bank roll. She had the marrying bug like the rest of her sex. She would throw over her pal Bill Doggett, chuck her independence of which she boasted continually, and tie herself to a husband. A little bluff, that's what she had been.

Laura laughed softly. "You really are a dear, Bill," she said, "and I didn't mean all the hard things I said."

The evening was still young and he had other telephone numbers, but, somehow, he didn't want to see any more women. Laura was the best of the lot. It sickened him to have her fall by the wayside. He felt rotten.

Next day he made inquiries about Davenport, who was known as "Bull" Davenport on the Street. He was about forty years old and a rip-snorting dynamo of finance. The fellow could have a hundred dinners sent over from the Ritz and not notice it.

It wasn't as if Laura had not admitted that she was mercenary, for she had often told him she intended to grab off a millionaire, and once they had touched glasses to the success of her enterprise, but he had never really believed that she was in earnest. She had been such a good fellow.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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Laura possessed herself of his hat and coat. "You sit right down. You don't intrude, does he, Mr. Davenport?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

She didn't replace easily, though he tried out half a dozen girls in the next fortnight to find that none of them satisfied. He could see through them all. These bachelor girls were as bad as the home girls, a lot of shallow little schemers who happened to be aiming higher than the sort who had carried off four-fifths of the Crazy Quintet. Their boasted independence they actually hated; their real purpose was to grab a man and feed on him. Parasites, the whole darn sex.

One morning Mrs. Peebles had the impudence to call him up. She was the first of the four wives to break up his friendship with the husband. On the phone she was sweet as honey. On Friday night she was giving a little dinner for a cousin who was on from Chicago—just the sweetest girl—and Mrs. Peebles and John had been telling her about Bill and she was wild to meet him.

"I have an engagement, I'm sorry," he said curtly.

"What night shall you be free? We might change the date."

Transparent. A scheme to get that cousin a husband.

"I'm working so late these days that I never could get down to Long Island for a dinner party," he lied. Mrs. Peebles said something acid and hung up on him.

And then Laura got him on the phone.

"Please, Bill, take me to dinner tonight?" she asked plaintively.

"Where's Davenport?" he demanded rudely.

"Oh, Bill," she sighed. "I don't see him all the time. And he's out of town."

"All right," he yielded. "Only I can't afford to have dinner sent in from the Ritz."

"Silly," she laughed. "I don't expect it from you. Seven o'clock, dear."

Now, while it was nice of her not to expect him to have dinner sent in from the most expensive hotel in town, it made him mad to have her say it. He did some wild figuring to see if he could do it just to show her, but common sense came to his aid. He only had thirty dollars between him and pay day, three days off. It would have to be a table d'hôte.

LAURA met him with her old camaraderie, shook him a cocktail, sat him down while she readied herself in the closet she called her bedroom, and presently appeared in her charming little toque and worn cheap fur coat to join him in a dividend from the shaker.

"We'll go to that dear little French café around the corner," she suggested.

"Nix. We'll go to the Roosevelt grill and dance."

Laura smiled happily. "In funds? Good. I'll adore it."

Presently they were settled in a corner of the hotel grill while a fine orchestra crooned and droned in the distance. Bill became roguish.

"Have you named the day yet?" he demanded.

Laura met his eyes. "If you mean Mr. Davenport, you met him once at my place. Why do you ask such a question?"

"W-ell, he's a multimillionaire, he's got a case on you, and you're looking after the main chance."

She flushed a little and bit her lip. "I suppose I am," she admitted. "Do you blame me?"

"To tell the truth, Laura, I didn't think it of you. I thought you were different."

"How different?" She was very cold.

"You had your career. You loved your freedom. You were so fine. I just can't see you marrying that fat brute for his money."

"I like Mr. Davenport," she defended.

"You can see by looking at him that he's a selfish pig."

"Is that so? You, I suppose, are noble and generous."

"N-o, but I'm better than he is. I'm better looking anyway."

"You're not so much. You have nice hair and eyes, but your mouth is too big and your nose is stub and you have a lot of freckles."

"You can't do it, Laura," he assured her. "You're not the type."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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FLASH De Luxe

The New Hand Beautifier

[THE SOLE SURVIVOR Continued from page thirty-four]

"I suppose you would despise me if I married him." She dared him.

"Frankly, I would," he asserted.

"Bill, have you any idea how I live? Meeting my rent is a ghastly struggle. Lots of times when I know I'm being taken out to dinner I go without lunch to save the money. Sometimes I get fooled and have to go without dinner."

"Oh, gee, Laura. I never knew."

"You never cared. You would spend a few dollars on me and an occasional evening and on other evenings go out with other girls. You like me as an occasional companion. You are annoyed that I may marry Mr. Davenport, because you'll lose a pleasant friend who didn't cost you much."

"Say, look here," he protested feebly. What she was saying stung because there was truth in it.

Laura still attacked. "You've seen me every week for a couple of years. You know me, profess to be fond of me. Do you want to marry me?"

Bill was shell-shocked. "I—I—er—you know my views, Laura."

"I've heard them often enough—the views of a selfish masculine pig. You don't want to divide your income with a girl, to sacrifice your comfort for her, to help her make a home for herself and you, and bring children into the world. You want to be a butterfly and flit about."

"BUT look here, Laura, they were your views, too. You agreed with me."

"I listened to you. Do you suppose any young girl enjoys struggling and fighting in a rotten world with no one to protect and shield her? I went on the stage because I thought I could make a better living than any other way, but I hate it. I hate my nasty little walk-up apartment. I hate these swell-headed Lotharios I have to dine with to save paying for my own dinner. I have a right to have a home and a husband and children. Haven't I?"

"I—I suppose so," said the shocked Bill Doggett.

"Will you marry me, Bill?" she demanded.

"I—I—"

"Of course you won't. You're terrified at the idea. Then what a nerve you have to sit in judgment of me because I am willing to listen to a man with ten times your ability who loves me sincerely and wishes to make me his wife. You're nothing but a dog in the manger.

"You have been playing around with me because you thought it was safe," she continued. "You've told me about those poor friends of yours whom their wives have locked up in pretty little homes in the suburbs. Don't you think they have compensation for their imprisonment? Don't you suppose they would rather take their sweet little wives in their arms at night than bat around Broadway with a poor fish like you?"

"Oh, say, Laura—"

"And those girls you condemn. They get up at seven in the morning and slave all day and love it because they are working to make things bright and comfortable for the men who are working for them. You get as much as you give in this world, Bill Doggett, and you give nothing and want everything."

"But you told me you hated housework," he stammered.

"I do, just the way you would hate commuting, but I would do it happily for the man I love." Her eyes were shining, her sweet mouth was so wistful that Bill Doggett lost his head.

"WELL, suppose you marry me, Laura," he said insanely, and when the dreadful words were out he cowered as he awaited sentence.

"You!" exclaimed Laura. "Ha, ha, Marry you? The idea! Why, I wouldn't consider marrying you. You don't love me, you don't love anybody but yourself. I wouldn't dream of having you for a husband. You wouldn't play the game. You don't want a wife, you want a mistress who would pay her own expenses."

Bill Doggett got mad. Here he had taken the fatal step. He had done what he had sworn he never would do, proposed to a girl and, instead of grabbing him, she reviled him. And this was a girl who was going to sell herself to Bull Davenport.

"And you don't want a husband, you want a money bag," he retorted. "You bet you wouldn't marry a seventy-five-dollar-a-week man. You want somebody that will buy you ermine coats and give you a houseful of servants. You bet your life you wouldn't get up at seven and cook your husband's breakfast."

Laura drew a long breath and smiled brilliantly.

"Now that we so thoroughly understand each other, let's dance," she proposed.

As they danced, Bill got over being angry. Laura was so beautiful and so sweet and it might be darn nice to have a girl like this in a little home away off somewhere. He was furiously angry with Davenport because he was rich enough to be able to marry without making sacrifices. He wouldn't have to change his life a particle. There would be a town house and a country house, trips to Europe, servants galore, any number of expensive automobiles— Bill was a dog in the manger. He grudged Laura half of his small income. Davenport would give her everything her heart

desired and she would be crazy not to marry him.

When they returned to their table he said, humbly for him:

"I take back all the nasty things I said, Laura. I don't blame you for taking Davenport. I wish I was rich enough to compete with him, that's all."

Laura laughed softly and reached across the table and squeezed his hand.

"You really are a dear, Bill," she said, "and I didn't mean all the hard things I said about you. It's rotten to be poor, isn't it?"

"You said something."

"And you don't think marriage would be so terrible with me?"

"You're the only girl that might make it attractive," he declared.

"Now let's change the subject. Have you seen any new shows?"

After dinner, he took her to a picture theater and left her at her front door at 11:30.

"How about another date?" he asked eagerly. The quarrel he had quickly forgotten.

"I'll phone you sometime, Bill. Mr. Davenport comes back tomorrow."

"You needn't trouble yourself," he retorted in dudgeon, and she laughed at him and went within.

DURING the next few days Bill Doggett did a lot of concentrated thinking. Sometimes he realized what a lucky escape he had. Those fatal words had put him in a woman's power and it was not his fault he was not an engaged man at this moment. Bright eyes, a trembling mouth, a crafty word picture, and he had lost his head. Lucky it was Laura.

Sometimes he sort of wished that Laura had said yes. She was a fine, brave little girl, always cheerful and smiling, and yet she had often gone hungry. What a helpmate she would make. Shucks, she'd set up a house and jail him just as the rest of the gang were jailed. But the picture of the pretty little wife coming to the poor prisoner and putting her arms around his neck—it might be a compensation at that. The boys were always cheerful when he met them in town, but he thought they were just keeping a stiff upper lip.

"Why don't you pick a nice girl and marry her?" demanded Veeder one day. "Then we could all be together again."

This was food for thought. The wives were against him because he was a bachelor, leading a life of which it made their husbands restive to think, but if he were chained like them, why, the female animosity would die.

"Bah, misery loves company," he retorted.

However, when Frank Vincent's wife phoned him to come to dinner a few nights later, something made him accept, although he knew there was some toothy girl to be exhibited to him when he got out there. And there was a girl, though her teeth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ingram Users *have a monopoly on* Cool *and stingless shaving*

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

THE instant you begin your first shave with Ingram's Shaving Cream your face is conscious of a brand new sensation, and long after you have rinsed away the soap from your skin your face will be *cool . . . cool . . . COOL . . . COOL!*

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[THE SOLE SURVIVOR
Continued from page thirty-seven]

were all right. She was passably pretty and eager to please, but she couldn't hold a candle to Laura.

It was a small, cheerful little house, spotless and shiny. Mrs. Vincent was the prettiest of all the wives of his chums, and marriage seemed to have improved her. She had been snippy to him on the phone several times when he had called up to invite Frank to go to a show, but he realized now that it was probably because she didn't want to spend the evening alone. He noticed how her eyes followed Frank and how Frank preened himself in front of her like a ridiculous peacock.

With the right girl, it might not be so bad, you know. Imagine Laura wanting a suburban home like this. But Laura was going to marry Davenport and live in a mansion. If he hadn't been such a fool—well, upon the whole he put in an agreeable evening, but he hadn't paid much attention to Mrs. Vincent's girl friend and he didn't get invited to return at any specific date.

Four days after their dinner at the Roosevelt, Bill phoned Laura and asked her for that evening, but she was sorry she was engaged. He was humble enough to try to make it for another evening, but she said she couldn't make any engagements in advance.

"Well, I hope you'll be happy," he said with an air of finality and he hung up. Laura was definitely through with him; that was evident. He took out another girl that evening and was bored to extinction.

THE days went by and Bill Doggett didn't feel very well. He was lethargic, uninterested, and downhearted. He went alone to theaters and didn't like the shows. He tried drinking in speak-easies, but the liquor was nasty. He found it hard to find male companions. He and the gang had been inseparable and he had made no new friends to replace them.

"I can see why a lot of men get married," he said wryly. "They lose all their friends and there's nothing left for them to do."

Being the stubborn, bullheaded individual he was, Bill Doggett was downhearted a fortnight before he understood what was the matter with him, and then it came upon him with a rush. He was in love with Laura Benson; pining away for a mercenary female who had turned down his honest, unselfish proposal of marriage because she intended to take a bounder of a millionaire whom she couldn't possibly love.

He was not only in love with Laura, but he wanted to marry her; wanted it more than he wanted anything in the world. He would do anything she asked, even take a house in some horrible suburb and run for the five-fifteen every night of his life.

That Laura was unworthy didn't make any difference in his present state of mind; the trouble was he had found out too late. A few months ago Laura would have married him; she had admitted she hated her present life; she must have liked him a lot to put up with him for two years past and listen patiently to his cockeyed views on matrimony.

Full of his new point of view, he phoned to Laura.

"I've got to see you," he declared. "Honest, Laura, I'm crazy to see you. I've been wrong about a lot of things. Can't we have a nice long talk?"

"Well," said Laura. "This is Tuesday. I'm engaged for the next three nights. Come Friday."

"I can't wait so long," he complained.

"A little waiting will do you good, young man," she mocked.

"Laura, are you engaged to him yet?"

She laughed mockingly. "That's my affair, Mr. Doggett," she said and hung up on him.

That night Dave Folsom, whose fiancée had given him a night off, invited him to go to dinner in a new place. It was a very luxurious speak-easy on a quiet street in the Chelsea district; hard to get into, but, once in, food and drink were exceptional and expensive. They found the restaurant half full and the customers exuded opulence. As Folsom had money and was paying the check, the indications of its probable size did not worry Bill Doggett.

He was just finishing his soup when his "heart stood still," as the song goes, for Laura Benson, in evening clothes, entered followed by Davenport, dolled up to the eyes. She nodded in friendly fashion as she passed Bill, and Davenport ignored him. They were seated in a corner some distance away, and Davenport was careful to seat Laura with her back to Bill. Folsom turned around in his chair and inspected the pair.

"Know the girl?" he asked.

Bill nodded. The sight of her in Davenport's company had driven a barb into the place where he thought his heart was located. "Friend of mine," he said as calmly as he could manage.

"Darn good looker. Davenport was always a good picker. He'll have to step carefully after next week."

"Why?" demanded Bill sharply.

"His wife is coming back from Europe," said Folsom with a significant laugh.

"Wha-what? Is he married?"

"Certainly. Been married for years. A celebrated chaser, though."

The dog. The filthy, slimy, lying scoundrel. Married and making love to Laura and promising to make her his wife. Bill Doggett saw red. His chair went over backward. He stalked across the room and dropped a heavy hand on the shoulder of Bull Davenport.

"I want to talk to you—outside," he said loudly.

Davenport looked up furiously. "Why, damn your impudence!"

"You heard me. Come on, unless you want a scene here."

"Bill Doggett, you're intoxicated," exclaimed Laura, half rising. "Please overlook this, Mr. Davenport."

"You come on and step on the gas," commanded Doggett.

DAVENPORT stood up and looked the young man over. He was two inches taller and outweighed Bill by fifty pounds. "It will be a pleasure," he said with heavy sarcasm. "I'll be back in a moment, Laura."

"Bill," pleaded Laura, "for heaven's sake don't make a scene. Why are you acting like this?"

"Be back in a minute, Laura, don't worry," he said cheerfully, and followed Davenport who had reached the exit and started downstairs—the café was on the second floor. Davenport went to the street door, pulled it open, and went out. It was a dark, quiet side street. Bill was on his heels.

"Now what in hell do you want?" Davenport demanded.

"I've just found out that you are a married man," said Bill softly.

"What of it?" the other demanded truculently.

"You insult a friend of mine every time you are seen with her. You are lying to her and deceiving her and it's about time you got what you deserved."

"Such as what?" grinned the big man.

Bill drove a right at his jaw, but Davenport, with surprising quickness, avoided it and countered with a left jab which caught Bill in the right eye, closing it. Bill tore in, both arms going like flails, and got a right to the stomach which sent him to the sidewalk. He was up in a second and boring in again, and this time landed a hard right to the face before a second jarring body punch sent him reeling back. He knew already that Davenport was bigger, stronger, and a better boxer, but he had started this and he had to finish it, and his rage tempered the sting of his opponent's blows to some degree.

The battle was short, sharp, and one-sided. Bill never landed but the one punch and was being cut to pieces with vicious efficiency. His cheek was bleeding profusely from a ring on Davenport's finger, both eyes were blacked, and the stomach punches were killing him. In perhaps two minutes of fighting he was down and could not get up. Davenport stood over him.

"Get up and take it," he jeered.

Short as had been the fight, there were already interested spectators. Two taxicabs had driven up and their drivers were cheering from their boxes. Folsom and half a dozen men had followed them out of the café, and Laura

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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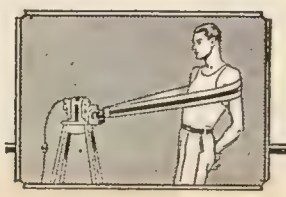

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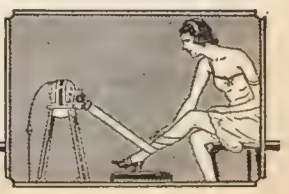

[THE SOLE SURVIVOR
Continued from page thirty-nine]

had hastened after them, but had been held back at the door by the bouncer. She ducked suddenly under his arm, pushed her way through the ring, and confronted the astonished Davenport with blazing eyes and clenched fists.

"Oh, you brute!" she cried. "You great, brutal beast! How dare you attack this poor boy? He isn't half your size."

"But, Laura," he protested, "you heard him. I had to defend myself. He attacked me."

"Don't you strike him again!" she shrilled. Turning, she threw her arms around Bill who had succeeded in getting on his feet.

"Darling, did he hurt you?" she cooed.

Some hard-hearted spectator laughed. "I'll say he did. He pretty near murdered him."

Laura faced them. "And what were you men doing? Why did you permit a fight like this? You are a lot of cowards, every one of you!"

"Laura," pleaded Davenport, "will you permit me to take you away from here?"

"Don't touch me," she cried. "Don't ever speak to me again."

"I'm all right, Laura, let me at him," pleaded Bill, beaten but willing.

"Help me get him in a taxi. I'll take him home," Laura demanded of the crowd. Davenport shrugged his shoulders and returned into the café for his coat and hat. Folsom helped Bill into one of the cabs and Laura got in with him.

DAVE, who had taken in the situation and drawn accurate conclusions, told the driver to wait a moment and returned with Bill's overcoat and hat and Laura's wrap. He had found Davenport holding it in his hands and cursing softly. The cab started and Laura wrapped her arms around the defeated pugilist, regardless of the blood from his cheek which dropped upon her cape.

"Darling, you were so brave and so foolish," she sighed. "What did you do it for?"

"Laura, I just lost my head. I've got to tell you something, dear, that will hurt you very much. It's about Davenport."

"What about him?"

"He's been deceiving you, Laura. He's a married man."

Laura giggled. "I've known that for ages."

"What?" He drew away from her.

"He didn't deceive me. He told me a long time ago about his wife. He was lonesome and he just came to take me out for an evening once in a while."

"You were seeing him every night," he accused.

"I was not. I was spending every night at home waiting for you to come to your senses."

Bill looked at her out of eyes that were half closed. "I don't get you," he said.

Laura laughed again. "Darling, you've been in love with me for ever so long, but you didn't know it. Why do you suppose I invited you to call that night? It was to display Davenport and make you jealous."

"Do you mean you are in love with me?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly," she said brazenly.

"But I proposed to you and you said you wouldn't have me."

She hugged him and tittered: "Because you would have been terrified if I had accepted you. You were marriage-shy, Bill. You needed a stronger dose of jealousy. I had to refuse you to convince you that you loved me. Fundamentally you were all right, but you had a thick surface coat of selfishness that had to be rubbed off."

"And you were not seeing Davenport at all?"

"THIS was only the second time I've been out with him since the night he had dinner sent in. He's nothing to me. Poor George was my decoy duck."

"And you did all this scheming," he said incredulously, "when all you had to do was come right out—"

Laura reached up and kissed the bruised mouth.

"Nonsense. You would have run away if you thought I loved you before you knew you loved me. I'm not sure even now that I'll marry you."

He hugged her fiercely. "You've got to, do you understand?"

"But you know how you hate marriage. And your income is small. You couldn't stand living in a suburb in a little house alone with me and separated from your friends."

"Who couldn't? I'm crazy about the idea. I went down to Vincent's and I envied their happiness, I can tell you. And as for my friends—why, Laura, as soon as I'm married I'll get them all back. Women are only afraid of bachelors."

"I'll think it over," she said demurely.

"Laura, kiss me." She complied. He laughed triumphantly. "Now try to get away."

She snuggled. "I probably won't. What did you want to see me about next Friday, darling?"

Bill chuckled. "I was going to get down on my knees and implore you to take ninety per cent of my income and jail me in some dovecote in Long Island."

"You won't be jailed, dear. And your friends will be my friends, and you can go where you like, do what you please, be just as free as you are now," she declared.

And the infatuated man believed her.

THE END

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Gardener's Daughter, the fifth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To Will Thomas Withrow,
93 Plymouth Avenue, North, Rochester, New York.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To Hamilton Baillard,
Chemical Engineer, Hudson View Gardens,
183d Street and Pinehurst Avenue, New York City.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

To Albert C. Davis,
2324 Lafayette Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To Schuyler C. Hodge,
719 City National Building, Miami, Florida.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To W. L. Dunbar, 39 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City; Dr. Pierre Higgins, 1005 Medical Arts Building, Fort Worth, Texas; Major James M. Hynes, Route 3, Box 73, San Antonio, Texas; Dr. Louis Henry Levy, 1160 Park Avenue, New York City.

Prize awards for the sixth problem, The Mystery of the Puritan Girl, will be announced next week, and the others will be made known as rapidly as the exigencies of magazine printing permit.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in the issue of April 13, but since four weeks are allowed for the sending of solutions the lists are still open on The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, which ran through the issues of March 30, April 6, and April 13. The time limit rule is that, to be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Sidney Sutherland, in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Off to a fresh start

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THERE'S a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. As the day rolls on, with much still to be done, the little red sign invites you to drop in at a cool and cheerful fountain—to pause and refresh yourself, and be off to a fresh start. ▼▼▼ Coca-Cola is a blend of many flavors, perfectly combined to give a flavor all its own. It has made friends with all the world—because people know its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD OVER 8 MILLION A DAY **TO GET WHERE IT IS**

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LET IT BRIGHTEN YOUR TEETH

IF you want to know how a modern tooth paste can improve the health of *all* your mouth . . . how it can invigorate your gums as well as brighten your teeth . . . stop at the next drug store you pass and ask for your first tube of Ipana!

Use it. Use it faithfully, twice a day, for 30 days. Brush your teeth with it. Massage your gums with it.

The refreshing sense of health and cleanliness that Ipana brings to your mouth will win you from the first. Within a few days your teeth will shine with a new brilliance. And long before you have squeezed the last brushful from the tube, your gums will be pinker in color, firmer in text and unmistakably improved in vigor, in tone in health!

There's no magic about it—it's up-to-date c mon sense. The greatest enemy of your gums, dentist will tell you, is our modern diet of soft savory foods. For this fare gives gums no work stimulation. The blood does not circulate fr within their walls. They lose their vigor—the sues become soft, tender and anemic. "Pink to brush" warns that disease and infection are the way — that gingivitis, Vincent's disease

ven pyorrhea may be just around the corner. It's difficult, if not impossible, to change your iet. But with Ipana and massage it's quite easy to ounteract the damage soft foods do your gums. For Ipana has a special virtue in massage — its ontent of ziratol, a hemostatic widely used by gum pecialists. It is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's emarkable cleaning power, that has won for Ipana e professional support it enjoys today.

Give Ipana a full tube trial

he coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. It ill quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and brighten your teeth. But to show Ipana's good effect on your gums, give it a 30-day trial! Get the full-size tube from the drug store and let Ipana start tonight on its good work for the health of *all* your mouth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB 492
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

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All of Captain Kenney's crew *clamored* for this pipe-tobacco

Sailors made sure their favorite brand was snug in the ship's canteen!

WHEN Jack is many a watery league from port his pipe becomes his messmate. No wonder every crew that shipped with Captain Kenney made sure they had a good supply of Edgeworth.

A lusty cheer for the Captain—and for his crew as well. For now that his sailing days are done, Captain Kenney says Edgeworth pipe tobacco is just as hardy a pal ashore as it was afloat. A "good, cool, long smoke" he says, with the same likable flavor—tin in, tin out!

Not all pipe smokers are captains of ships. But nearly all pipe smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed. Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Pipe-smokers are the kind of men that win cases in law courts, that perform delicate surgical operations successfully, that think straight in Board meetings. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you *can't* hurry into nervous jumpy decisions.

Try this FREE offer

Let us send you free of charge, trial packages of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you, too, can try them in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed pipe tobacco is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidor tins and also in several handy in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their smoking tobacco in the palm of the hand.

March 10, 1928
Malden, Mass.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

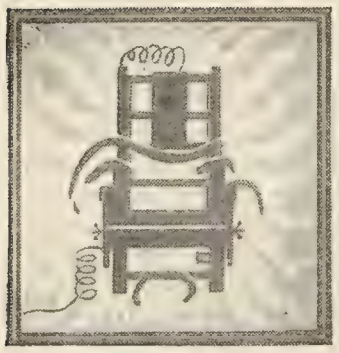
I am writing this letter to tell you how much I value a tin of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

I have been a Master Mariner for many years, and as a general rule all seafaring men smoke a pipe. I have tried about all the different brands of tobacco on the market, and in my estimation there is not one make of tobacco that will compare with Edgeworth Plug Slice for a good, cool, long smoke. Sailors would come to me and say, "Captain, be sure to put in a good supply of Edgeworth when you fill up the canteen," and that speaks for what the average sailor thinks of this tobacco.

I retired from the sea six years ago, and S. S. Pierce, the largest grocery dealer in Boston, keeps me supplied with this wonderful smoke. I take great pleasure in boosting it to my friends.

Very truly yours,
(signed) Capt. C. B. Kenney

Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe



P. & A. photo

The wages of murder for insurance: Joseph Lefkowitz being escorted by officers to the Sing Sing death house.

Murder for INSURANCE

How Society Fights the Most Cold-Blooded Crimes of Greed

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, Police Department, City of New York

OF all the motives that drive men to murder, none perhaps is more repellent than simon-pure greed. Murder for insurance is just about the lowest form of crime. And it is the hardest to detect. No one knows how many such murders are, or have been, committed.

No criminologist or insurance statistician in the world can give even an approximate figure. They may state how many murders for insurance have resulted in arrests and convictions, and how many other deaths have been suspected. But beyond that there is no basis for calculation.

This is an age of insurance swindles—life, fire, burglary, robbery, and every other kind. Collusion between insurance agents, adjusters, and the insured is commoner than ever.

In New York City recently, a gang of nine men and women were arrested and held for having swindled insurance companies by means of fake automobile accidents. Among the prisoners were a lawyer, his clerks, a garage man, a process server, a motorcar repairer, and a young woman. Twenty insurance companies complained that these swindlers were costing them over $3,000,000 a year.

I have always advised insurance companies to require the insured to have appraisals of jewelry made by their appraiser at the time of insuring, and to furnish the insurer with photographs of each article insured. In case of crime these photographs are quite useful to investigators and the police. The appraisal avoids much dispute in adjustment after a loss is reported. And because, in many fraudulent life insurance claims, substitution is practiced, finger-printing the applicant would be helpful.

All sorts of sordid love affairs have entered into attempts to collect life insurance on substitution, and into conspiracies to murder for insurance. Some of the methods employed have been gruesome, some thrilling.

In most insurance policies a clause provides that no insurance will be paid upon the life of a suicide until one year—with some companies, two—after the policy is in force. The logic of this is that if any person contemplates suicide when he insures, he will have one or two years to think it over. So suicide for insurance is quite infrequent. Dying to win is a tough game. It is sometimes done for sweethearts, generally by cocaine fiends or users of narcotics.

In the past hundred years there have been many unsuccessful efforts made to collect insurance upon persons who were murdered for it. Persistent investigations by the insurance companies frustrated most of these plans. Insurance companies may slip up once in a long while and pay upon a fraudulent claim of this nature, but not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MURDER FOR INSURANCE
Continued from page forty-five]

often. It stands to reason that if a person insured for a large sum—in fact, for any amount—is reported to the company as murdered, a rigid investigation follows. Everyone engaged or interested in the inquest seeks to determine whether the motive of the crime was the collection of the insurance. So "getting away with it" is not nearly as easy as it seems.

These insurance crimes all emanate from greed. Many agents, in their anxiety to earn a commission, are ready to sell and procure any kind of policy without question. To be sure, they are in the minority and must not be confused with the trustworthy, fair and square insurance representative. With the eager "wildcat" agent, the whole idea is to insure the applicant and collect the commission.

N. Y. World photo
Harry Greenberg.

P. & A. photo
The rowboat used in Lefkowitz's murder for insurance. The two youths were his tools, who confessed.

N. Y. World photo
Irving Rubinzahl.

Practically every insurance agent reports any and every applicant a "good risk," and endeavors to have his company issue a policy upon any kind of hazard. And if the applicant cannot get by in one company, he tries others, usually without success, for the insurance companies have a central coöperative bureau with carefully indexed records of physically unfit, suspicious, and questionable applicants. This is in operation nowadays in every class of insurance.

But, notwithstanding this precaution, it is interesting to note in how many instances the most ordinary attempts to defraud the insurance companies nearly succeed.

Every applicant is rigidly investigated. The agent writes what he knows, the doctor gives the result of his examination, the bureau of investigation reports all its findings. One is supposed to be a check against the other; if all are favorable, the applicant is accepted. If you happen to be insured for any fairly large sum, watch your step, because the insurance companies are carefully watching it. If they find you are slipping, they won't hesitate to caution you, and if you don't heed their gentle reminder they'll cancel your policy. Your life must be fairly clean and honest, no fast living or dissipation. The insurance companies have thousands of eyes seeing and ears listening.

Insurance companies employ actuaries, detectives, adjusters, claim agents, and investigators. They are skilled, shrewd, crafty, and clever in their work—but it often becomes mechanical. Many exposures of murder for insurance come from confidential or anonymous tips, usually inspired by envy of the beneficiary's new prosperity.

WHEN the story of a murder for insurance becomes public through the press, Mr. Average Citizen wonders how such things can be. How could an insurance company have issued a policy in such a case? Well, like its agent, the company craves the business, and issuing policies does sometimes become more or less routine. Insurance business builders are forever urging more and more activity down the line; reach out and get 'em, increase your showing, is their slogan—not that they have anything but a fair and square deal in mind.

Some critics say the insurance laws are not strict enough. In practically every state in the Union it is the law that the insured must sign the application for insurance—in other words, he cannot be insured without his knowledge. Also, there are restrictions to the insuring of children and minors.

The question arises whether it is common practice to write insurance for amounts of which the insured is ignorant, and whether this can be done without the aid of someone connected with the insurance company. The companies' answer is:

The application for insurance must be in writing, upon the company's printed application blank, signed by the applicant, and witnessed by the agent. It is an iron-bound rule and is so stated on the application blanks. The questions answered by the applicant are usually filled in by him, but sometimes by the agent.

The intent is excellent, but the efficacy depends mainly upon the integrity of the agent. It can happen that the agent, with no knowledge that the insured is to be murdered, coöperates with the insurer in procuring the insured's signature to an unfilled and unanswered application blank—when the amount and kind of insurance applied for are unknown to the insured, and the answers to the questions in the blank are entered without the insured's knowledge.

THERE have been many accusations of infanticide for insurance. It seems inconceivable that a parent, especially a mother, could murder her child for a paltry sum of money. It is too inhuman to believe, yet there have been instances, although state insurance laws have placed the amount for which a baby can be insured so low that if a parent did consider infanticide, it would hardly be worth while.

As far back as 1895 the question of murdering children for insurance was debated in the legislatures of several eastern states. The lawmakers wanted to forbid entirely the issuing of a policy on the life of a minor. Three or four children had died in circumstances that had appeared suspicious, and agitation was immediately started to remove any incentive that parents, and especially foster-parents, might have to get rid of their children for gain.

Insurance men, headed by the late Haley Fiske of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, fought the various bills, and in April, 1895, Fiske delivered a speech before the Massachusetts legislature in which he ridiculed the suggestion that parents would murder for insurance, and declared such a suggestion a libel on American parents. The bill in Massachusetts was killed as a result of his speech, and later on bills were thrown out in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. But public sympathy was in large part with the lawmakers.

From New York Daily News

N. Y. World photo
Ruth Snyder's murder scheme failed even to profit her daughter Lorraine, who is shown with Ruth's mother.

Few parents could be found—or can be found today—who would be willing to benefit from insurance money paid them for the life of a child of theirs. That being true, the question immediately arose, "Why, then, let children be insured?" Fiske answered it by stating that a small amount of insurance might provide the child's only chance of a decent burial. The result was that the amounts of such policies were restricted to small sums sufficient for such costs.

But the serious aspect of the whole matter was that intelligent men could be led to believe that children might be murdered for insurance. With these suspicions in the open and acknowledged, it was natural to wonder how many people of all ages are murdered for insurance, including those murdered where no sentiment is present to restrain. The answer was and is

that nobody knows. Few deaths are investigated. The family doctor comes and signs his certificate. Examinations for such a thing as poisoning are seldom made. The dead are buried and the policies paid. The case is settled.

The details of the brutal murder of Albert Snyder in a New York City suburb by his wife and her lover, Henry Judd Gray, for $96,000 insurance, are fresh in the public mind throughout the world. The pair were convicted of first degree murder and electrocuted.

N. Y. World photo
"H. H. Holmes."

The story of how the policies were procured is interesting, if not astounding:

Snyder, discussing insurance with his wife several months before he was murdered, decided he would take out a straight $1,000 life policy. An insurance agent was called in; Mrs. Snyder sent for him, discussed the insurance with him, and made an engagement for the first interview with her husband. At this first conference, the usual formalities were gone through; an application blank containing answers to all questions and a physical examination followed. This application, a genuine one, was signed by Snyder and witnessed by the agent.

ABOUT the same time, Mrs. Snyder told the agent she would like to get a larger policy on her husband, $10,000 or more. Snyder, his wife, and the insurance agent talked it over, but Snyder did not consent to it, because he thought the premiums would be too heavy. The agent, having in mind a good-sized commission on a $10,000 policy, and Ruth Snyder, conspiring to kill her husband for the insurance, worked jointly, but the agent, not knowing what was in Mrs. Snyder's mind, induced Snyder to sign a blank application. "No obligation to you whatsoever, unless you are insured," he was told.

Snyder soon forgot the incident. Mrs. Snyder kept telling the agent that her husband knew what she was doing, but did not know the amount. She was seeing and consulting the agent in the daytime, when her husband was not at home. She wanted a policy for $50,000, with the double insurance clause in case of death by violence or accident. The company could not and would not write such a policy, but would write one for $5,000 for straight insurance, and $45,000 double. The insurance claimed therefore was double $45,000, or $90,000, and $6,000 straight, a total of $96,000.

N. Y. World photo
Mrs. Maybrick.

SNYDER gave his wife $85 a week of his $115 salary as art editor of Motor Boating magazine. She repeatedly told the insurance agent and also instructed the mail carrier that anything pertaining to the insurance was to be delivered to her personally.

The quarterly payments on the premiums were quite difficult for her to meet. She did fall behind, but on March 13, seven days before Snyder was murdered, she sent a check which paid for the arrears on the policy.

The Snyders had a joint bank account. Each could draw checks on it upon a single signature, and it was from this account that the premiums were paid. Snyder never paid any attention to his bank balance or to checks drawn; his wife attended to all home financial matters.

She was ever planning what she and her lover, Gray, would do after her husband was killed and the insurance collected. But her plans were futile.

She and Gray murdered Snyder while he was asleep, and she told the police a cock-and-bull story about burglars. Cautious, clever investigation by the district attorney and police detectives soon revealed the truth. The murderers confessed, were tried, convicted, and sent to the electric chair.

E. D. Duffield, president of the Prudential Insurance Company, made the following statement in reference to the Snyder case:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Trustworthy Pilots and Skilled Aviation Mechanics

now available to operators of commercial aircraft through Universal Aviation Schools

have had thousands of hours of flying experience. All Universal flying students must successfully complete a ground school course covering the various subjects bearing upon aircraft operation. Students taking the Aviation Mechanic's course divide time between class room lectures and actual, practical work upon aircraft and motors in shops. Upon completion of the course, they are eligible for license as Aviation Apprentice Mechanics. Universal graduates are equipped to get somewhere in this new, fascinating, rapidly growing industry.

BUSINESS MEN now operating private or commercial aircraft or contemplating the purchase of airplanes as well as aircraft manufacturers and operators of aviation maintenance depots can now obtain the services of pilots and aviation mechanics who have been thoroughly trained in one of the Universal Aviation Schools.

Graduates are Competent

To train men to fill important positions in their own organization, as well as supply the growing needs of the industry, the Universal Aviation Corporation, a $10,000,000 concern operating over 5,000 miles of airways a day, has established flying schools in a number of cities out of which they operate. These schools are furnished with the most modern equipment and are directed by the most experienced flying and ground school personnel in the country. Training meets with all requirements of the U. S. Department of Commerce. Students are required to pass strict examinations before receiving diplomas. Pilots must be qualified for government license before being recommended.

Training is Thorough

Flying instruction in government licensed, modern production ships is under the personal direction of government licensed transport pilots, all of whom

Beautifully Illustrated Book on Aviation — Send 25c

If you are interested in securing the services of a competent pilot or aviation mechanic, check space provided in coupon. For those who wish to take up the study of aviation in a nearby Universal Aviation School, space is provided to check kind of course in which you are interested. Fill in the coupon, send in with 25c for the beautifully illustrated, explanatory book, "Aviation — What It Means To You."

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Enclosed find 25c for your explanatory book, "Aviation —What It Means To You." I am interested in:

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[MURDER FOR INSURANCE
Continued from page forty-seven]

"The Prudential, by appropriate legal action, sought to cancel two policies on the life of Albert E. Snyder fraudulently procured by his wife, the beneficiary named therein, who was convicted of murdering the insured. The company was moved to take this action not only for the protection of the funds of its other policyholders against claims of this nature, but also in the interest of the public at large. It appeared from testimony given at the trial of Mrs. Snyder that these policies were issued through a fraud practiced upon both the Prudential and the insured by the late Mrs. Snyder, and that the murder was partly induced by her desire to collect and enjoy the proceeds of the policies. The Prudential could not permit a scheme of this character to succeed unchallenged."

International photo
Alex Kels.

The Prudential won its suit in the courts.

There has been more or less criticism of the issuance of the Snyder policies by people who fail to realize that the investigation of Snyder showed him to be a person of good character occupying a position that paid him $500 a month, leading what appeared to be a model, decent home life. The insurance company did not investigate his wife or her lover, hence the risk as far as Snyder was concerned was considered a good one.

International photo

W. H. Turner with his wife, who was a beneficiary from his insurance fraud.

P. & A. photo
Herman Billik.

Another infamous murder for insurance occurred in Gravesend Bay, New York City, in August, 1927, when Benjamin Goldstein, aged twenty, was deliberately pushed by two boy companions out of a rowboat, and drowned. Although, while he was struggling to save himself, he pitifully pleaded with them to rescue him, they unconcernedly rowed away.

Every angle of this murder indicates avarice, stupidity, and wanton criminal instinct. It was even alleged, as a result of confessions made by the two youths, that the victim was a party to the scheme to defraud the insurance company. The original plan was to have him picked up by a motorboat, and hidden in a foreign country—and then to report that he was drowned and to claim the insurance. As it was, he was undoubtedly double-crossed.

FOR a considerable period Goldstein had been in the employ of one Joseph Lefkowitz, aged thirty, who is reported to have had a powerful influence over him. As early as 1923 the boy began procuring insurance for small amounts. The last policies taken out were for $30,000 and $40,000 each, assigned by Goldstein to Lefkowitz, who claimed he had them assigned for business reasons.

Lefkowitz had a police record. He had been found guilty of grand larceny in Brooklyn in 1914 and sent to the Elmira reformatory.

Irving Rubinzahl, aged twenty-two, and Harry Greenberg, seventeen, who pushed Goldstein from the rowboat, confessed their crime, but claimed they were hired to commit it by Lefkowitz, who paid Rubinzahl $25 the night before the drowning, $75 the following day, and $150 the day after that, informing Greenberg that he would be taken care of by Rubinzahl from the $250 paid, and that they would be well paid after the insurance money was collected.

It appeared from the testimony of Rubinzahl, Greenberg, and other eyewitnesses, that Lefkowitz not only instigated the crime, but supervised and directed every move in it—that he was actually on the dock, watching, when it was committed. But the most appalling piece of evidence offered was that Lefkowitz bought a motorboat and, to induce Goldstein to stand for the fake drowning, showed him the boat at the dock near by, assuring him that as soon as he fell into the water it would come out and rescue him and hide him.

It appears from statements by members of the Goldstein family that they knew Benny was in a plot with Lefkowitz to defraud the insurance companies. When they heard that he was drowned they did not worry at first, supposing that the fraud had been carried out as planned.

It was almost a week after the drowning before any investigation was begun. *The police investigated because the youth was insured for a large amount, the beneficiary of the policy not being a member of his family.*

There was an anonymous tip to the authorities. Eyewitnesses to the murder came forward. Lefkowitz, Rubinzahl, and Greenberg were indicted for murder in the first degree. Lefkowitz was convicted, and was electrocuted July 19, 1928. Rubinzahl drew twenty years to life. Greenberg, as the dupe of Lefkowitz, was acquitted.

I know of no more cowardly and contemptible crime.

ONE of the funniest cases I've heard of occurred in Los Angeles, where a prominent citizen had his life insured many different ways, providing for payments at certain periods to his wife and other members of his family, and for his burial. He schemed so much about his insurance that he became a nut over it and killed himself. He left a note:

"I am committing suicide to see how my insurance plans work out. Farewell."

Herman W. Mudgett, better known as H. H. Holmes, was the king of all murderers for insurance. Just before he was hanged in 1896, he confessed to murdering twenty-seven persons, most of them for insurance. He had had a "death castle" in Chicago where he had dissected his victims, buried their bones, and burned their flesh.

As he stood on the scaffold, he denounced all minions of the law, and never repented his crimes. He was a native of New Hampshire, of good Plymouth Rock breed, collegian and a scholar.

Saturday, May 11, 1889, James Maybrick, a cotton broker of Liverpool, England, died in mysterious circumstances. The suspicion had arisen during his illness that his wife was attempting to poison him. She was arrested after his death and tried at the Liverpool assizes, and was convicted.

The Maybrick case in England was one of extraordinary interest in America, because the wife, twenty-four years Maybrick's junior, had been an American girl, Florence Elizabeth Chandler, daughter of a Mobile, Alabama, broker. She was sentenced to death, but there was much American intervention and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Her American friends, after fifteen years of effort, succeeded in procuring her freedom.

Maybrick's life was insured in favor of his wife for $10,000. He seemed fond of other women, and Mrs. Maybrick, it was rumored, had an ardent passion for a man much younger than her husband. Considerable arsenic was found in Maybrick's stomach. Her defenders always contended that he had overdosed himself with the drug. The British courts have ever been firm in their belief that she was proved guilty.

Herman Zajicek, alias Herman Billik, son of a Bohemian gypsy fortune teller and astrologer, was to be executed in Chicago the last week of March, 1908, for one of many crimes. The scaffold was erected. Billik was waiting in his cell to be led to the gallows when word came to the sheriff from Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to defer hanging him. Subsequently he was impris-

oned for life, but after serving ten years he was pardoned. He died several months after his release.

He was accused of having poisoned a number of people in Chicago for insurance. He was saved from the gallows by a clergyman who took an unusual interest in him. The accusations against him, his trial, conviction, sentence, and reprieve, were a sensation throughout the Middle West.

In the town of Rushville, Nebraska, A. W. Bourne, a real estate and insurance agent, induced Ferris Westervelt, the son of a well-to-do farmer, to have his life insured for $30,000. Bourne agreed to pay the premiums, pretending he could use the policy to borrow on.

Wide World photo
Glenn T. Hicks.

Five weeks later he appeared at the Westervelt house and said Ferris had met with a fatal accident as they had been starting out hunting. Bourne was convicted of murder in the second degree.

The futility of this crime lay in the fact, unknown to Bourne, that the policy had been returned to Ferris Westervelt with the information that it could not be accepted with a beneficiary other than a dependent member of his family, or with an insurable interest.

NEAR Lodi, California, on September 12, 1923, an automobile and some outhouses belonging to Alex Kels, a wealthy butcher, were destroyed by fire. A body found in the ruins was identified as that of Kels, and was buried with elaborate funeral services.

His wife attempted to collect $100,000 life insurance, but detectives found Kels and brought him back, and he confessed that the man who was burned to death had been picked up by him in an employment bureau—a total stranger, whose name he did not even know. Kels' reason for the murder and fraud was financial distress.

On January 17, 1925, a mine at McCarr, Kentucky, was blown up with dynamite. It was supposed to be an accident. Henry Wilson and another man not identified were killed. Relatives of William H. Turner, the mine superintendent, claimed he was the second victim. He was insured for $85,000. His wife collected $25,000 and his sister $60,000.

Some months later, through detectives, Turner was located in Germany. He was arrested when he landed in the United States. Identified and confronted, he admitted the conspiracy. His brother-in-law, Joe Jack, Jr., Joe Jack, Sr., Mrs. Turner, and a Mrs. Farley were all arrested for defrauding the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Maryland Casualty Company. After conviction, Turner was sentenced to life imprisonment.

In St. Louis, just recently, Glenn T. Hicks, Henry W. Bosteman, and William Davis were arrested, charged with the murder of Clifford M. Hicks, a brother of Glenn, for $465,000 insurance. The murdered man was the former partner of ex-Governor Elliott W. Major of Missouri. This will probably terminate in one of the biggest murder-for-insurance cases on record.

Hundreds of other remarkable, curious, loathsome murders for insurance could be cited wherein the perpetrators were detected, arrested, and convicted.

Insurance companies and state legislators are now coöperating with a view of having laws enacted to foil the plans of murderers for insurance, eliminating all persons as benefactors except immediate members of the insured's family.

Even as it is, like all crime, murder for insurance does not pay. Apparently, in ninety-seven cases out of one hundred the criminal or criminals are detected and convicted.

Fresh pure air, exercise, and water don't cost a cent, yet most of the public don't want them because they do not have to pay for them.

Contentment is the greatest thing in life. Be good—you may be a little lonesome—but you'll be contented and happy.

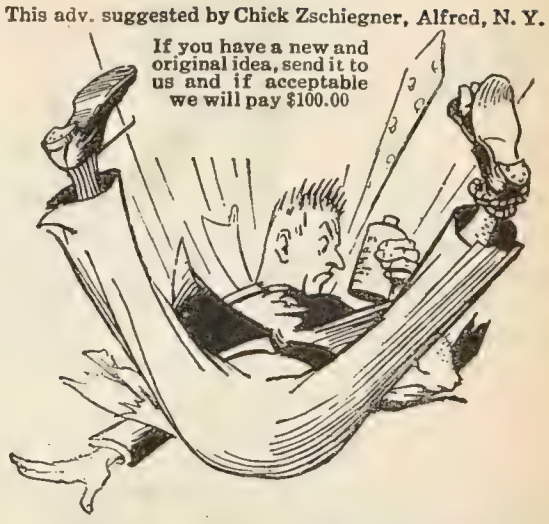
THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page 68)

1—What is the capital of Mississippi; Missouri; Montana?
2—What is the name of a book which contains the words of an opera?
3—Distinguish between a marten and a martin.
4—Who wrote Enoch Arden?
5—What is a "harness bull" in underworld parlance?
6—What is myopia?
7—For what does the abbreviation Messrs. stand?
8—What was Bucephalus?
9—What is plate glass?
10—How many cards in a pinochle deck?
11—What does *fait accompli* mean?
12—Who is the Secretary of War?
13—In what did Samson's strength lie?
14—What flag was called the Stars and Bars?
15—Name the Paris stock exchange.
16—What is an anagram?
17—Where is William Jennings Bryan buried?
18—What two American cities are called The Forest City?
19—What are the four orders of anthropoid apes?
20—What is the peculiar property of a lodestone?

This adv. suggested by Chick Zschiegner, Alfred, N. Y.



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Does it Quickly and Easily

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A GOOD HABIT

NOT so many years ago, brushing the teeth was a custom followed by only a few; today its benefits are so apparent that cleansing the teeth is a habit.

Now people are realizing that proper care of the feet is also necessary and are using Allen's Foot=Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for the feet because it takes the friction from the shoes, relieves tired, aching, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions.

If you would walk all day or dance all night and never think about your feet, shake into your shoes each morning some Allen's Foot=Ease or sprinkle it in the foot bath. Sold at all Drug and Toilet Goods counters. For free trial package and a Foot=Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot=Ease, LeRoy, N. Y.

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EVERY DAY

The Red Napoleon

The Inside Story of the Second World War (1933-1936)

By Floyd Gibbons

(*Author of The Red Knight of Germany*)

MR. GIBBONS is telling of the stupendous attempt of Karakhan, the Red Napoleon, colossal though infamous Russian-Tartar-Mongol military genius and dictator, to overthrow the white man and obliterate race inequalities throughout the world. This attempt, long prepared for, was begun in January, 1933, after a secret mobilization of Russian troops and a Red revolution in Japan. A poison gas explosion in Warsaw, killing the Soviet ambassador, gave Karakhan a pretext for his opening move against Poland and the Little Entente.

As war correspondent, Mr. Gibbons had unequaled opportunities afforded him by Karakhan, who paroled him under a liberal censorship exercised by the genial Colonel Boyar. He had invaluable assistants in Speed Binney, a scrappy young American air pilot, and Margot Denison, an enterprising English girl whom Speed and he had befriended. His first interview with Karakhan led to his renewing acquaintance with Karakhan's wife, American by birth, whom he had known years before as Lin Larkin, communist agitator.

He found her abjectly devoted to her yellow-skinned husband, who held her in contempt.

Last week's installment of his narrative ended with Karakhan's informal declaration of war on Poland.

Part Four—Italy Meets the Red Terror

KARAKHAN invaded Poland on the 2d of January, 1933. The Red conquest of Europe was on.

My first war correspondent's dispatch to my newspaper on the opening of hostilities was as follows:

URGENT PRESSE
MINSK RUSSIA JAN 2, 1933
(BY FLOYD GIBBONS)
TWELVE NOON
TRIBUNE
CHICAGO
RUSSIAN INVASION PO-

The old Imperial Palace at Vienna, scene of Karakhan's executions of the Austrian ministers.

At the left, headlines from the New York World of February 5, 1933.

LAND BEGAN DAYBREAK THIS MORNING STOP UNDER PERSONAL COMMAND KARAKHAN COMMA RED TROOPS WHICH CROSSED FRONTIER DAWN HAVE ADVANCED FROM TEN TO TWENTY MILES INTO POLISH TERRITORY ON FRONT OF APPROXIMATELY FOUR HUNDRED MILES EXTENDING NORTH SOUTH FROM MINSK TO KAMENETZ PODOLSK STOP POLISH RESISTANCE SHATTERED STOP HAVE JUST INTERVIEWED RED COMMANDER IN CHIEF WHO PERMITS ME QUOTE HIM FOLLOWS QUOTE OUR LINES ADVANCING ACCORDING PLAN UNQUOTE NOTE CABLE EDITOR MORE FOLLOWING STOP BINNEY FLYING THIS BULLETIN TO CABLE OFFICE RIGA GIBBONS

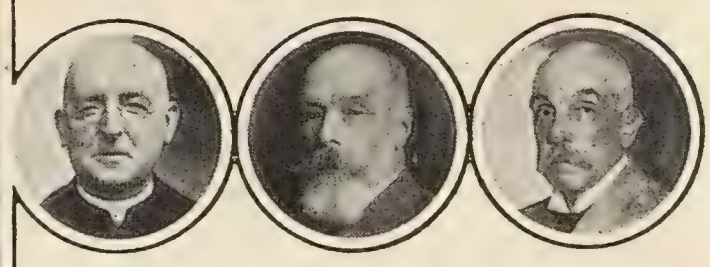
The Tribune dispatch plane, with Speed Binney at the controls, made a striking picture as she left the flying field at Minsk. My young pilot had painted American flags on both sides and the top and bottom of the fuselage; and the upper and lower surfaces of the wings bore a large red C on a square field of green. This was an aërial adaptation of the green brassard which Binney and I both wore on the left arms of our uniform coats, officially designating us as accredited war correspondents and signifying our status as noncombatants.

Colonel Boyar, my ever present censor and parole agent, arranged necessary permission and passes for Speed's departure to the Latvian capital. This was an unusual and highly flattering expression of the confidence Boyar had in both my own and Binney's respect for our words.

Karakhan's general headquarters had been at Homel during the night, but shortly after midnight he and a number of staff officers departed by air for the front. He nodded to me with one of his rare smiles as he stepped into the cabin of his plane.

Colonel Boyar, Binney, and myself, in our bimotor Breguet amphibian, accompanied the commander in chief's squadron, which was escorted by fighting planes.

It was bitterly cold as we sat huddled in furs and heavy flying boots in our darkened cabin. Binney had been instructed to maintain a flying position immediately behind the two fighting monoplanes guarding the rear of Karakhan's plane. We passed through occasional snow flurries.



International photo
Mgr. Ignatz Seipel.

P. & A. photo
Michael Hainisch.

International photo
Dr. Constantin Dumba.

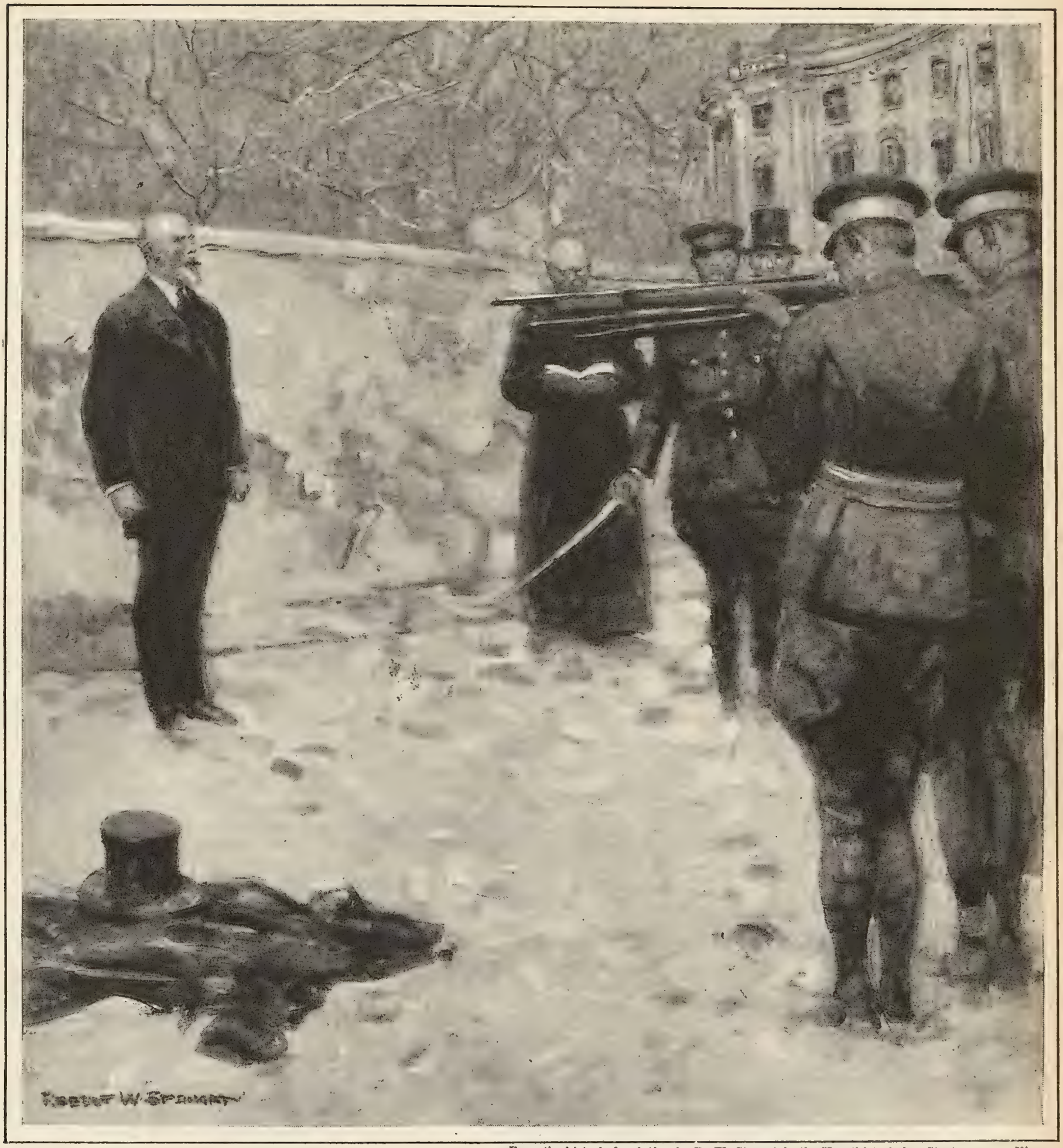
"Opening hostilities at this period of the year breaks all precedents in my experience in war," I remarked to Boyar. "Snow, ice, and cold will make it no easier for ground troops. It all seems a big hazard to me. Spring or summer are more seasonal and conventional for the outbreak of a war."

"You talk like a Polish general," Boyar laughed. "At least, we feel certain that the Polish general staff believes as you do. That's the crux of Karakhan's plans—suddenness of attack, mobility of forces, flexibility of organization. Depend upon our Little Uncle for doing it differently.

"Pilsudski is in his dotage, and there's hardly a man on the Polish general staff under sixty. They couldn't conceive of a war starting at this time of year.

"Remember, Karakhan is just thirty-two. This is youth against age. The result is inevitable.

"As for cold, our first-line troops this morning are trained to Siberian winters. The Russian-Polish frontier will be like the Riviera for them."



From the historical painting by R. W. Stewart in the Kunsthistorisches Staatsmuseum, Vienna.

The execution of Michael Hainisch, president of Austria, on February 4, 1933. He was shot against a wall by a squad of Chinese riflemen, Karakhan personally giving the order to fire. He faced death courageously.

"We'll soon see," I concluded, and told Boyar that I was going to try for an hour's sleep. He moved forward to a seat beside Binney at the lighted control board.

The winter dawn broke late but clear and sudden over the snow-covered flat country.

Our course lay northward, along the advancing line. Large groups of Russian fighting planes passed us frequently toward the west, on which horizon we witnessed three separate aërial combats with Polish air forces. The Russian planes were three and four to one.

Down below us, on the east, long columns of troops pressed forward on every road, while cavalry moved forward across the fields. On the roads, extending to the western rim of visibility, we could see and frequently hear the air bomb explosions.

"Signal to descend!" came in Binney's voice and our roaring motors stopped. We landed on a large field close to a village through which a railroad ran. Karakhan's plane was there ahead of us, and one of his staff officers greeted us. Boyar translated:

"This is the Polish town of Lachva. We stop to take our morning tea on conquered soil. The Russian frontier has moved westward since dawn. It is all according to plan, and to the wishes of the Little Uncle. Speed, my son," Boyar added, smiling, "give drink to your thirsty motors. We are off again in ten minutes."

Within that time we were flying northward again, but on a more westerly course, still accompanied by an unending column of smoke pillars from the air bombs.

Shortly before noon we landed at Minsk, where I wrote my initial dispatch. After Binney's departure, Boyar found places for us in a staff plane, and we flew southward once more over the advancing lines.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifty-one]

The Russian western movement had been along the railroads from Minsk, Lenino, Olevsk, Slavita, Bug, and Kamenetz Podolsk. Troop trains pushed forward behind the engineer groups repairing the railroad. Mounted columns advanced across country. The stream of sled tractor traffic along all roads from the east was unending. From the air it looked like a country-wide migration toward the west.

Late in the afternoon we landed in the captured Polish town of Ostrog, and found that engineers had already placed it in telephone communication with Moscow. I dictated a dispatch over the wire to Margot Denison, for radio to America.

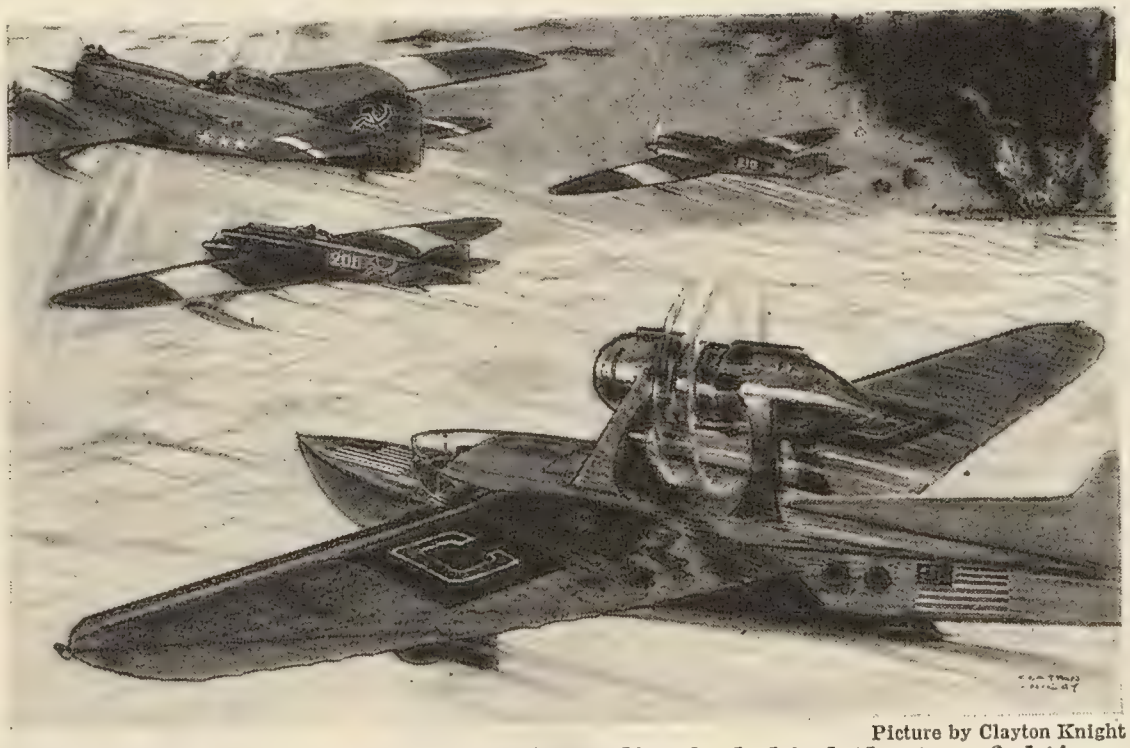
I outlined the surprise element of Karakhan's unprecedented advance along so wide a front, crediting mobile units of Polish uhlans with making heroic but futile resistance. I explained how the Red van moved in extended order across fields and through forests, avoiding mass formations, which deprived the Polish artillery of the targets they desired.

I reported the surprise of Red corps commanders upon finding that the Poles had neglected to erect barbed-wire defenses before vital positions, although thousands of spools of this wire were at hand.

Poland had been planning its defenses against Red Russia since 1919, but the suddenness of Karakhan's onslaught found it completely unprepared.

"Is Speed with you?" Margot asked, as I finished dictating. I told her he was flying back from Riga, and asked her about Whit Dodge.

"The poor fellow is miserable and raging," came Margot's voice over the wire. "Some more trouble about his credentials. They won't let him go to the front."



Picture by Clayton Knight

We maintained a flying position immediately behind the two fighting monoplanes guarding the rear of Karakhan's plane.

ALTHOUGH Whit was actually a competing correspondent, I felt sorry for his predicament. But more engrossing matters demanded my attention. It was not until late on the night of that first day that I learned of Russia's first ally in the war.

In such complete accord with the Reds that it seemed as though it acted on orders from Moscow, the small, active army of Lithuania moved southward to retake its old capital of Vilna, taken from the Lithuanians by Pilsudski in 1920.

Lithuania, child of the Versailles Treaty, and dupe of the League of Nations, moved forward to right the wrong she had suffered at the hands of her neighbor.

The feeble Pilsudski called upon the other nations of the Little Entente: Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia. By the articles of the defensive agreement existing between these four allies and backed by France, mobilization orders were immediately issued in Prague, Bucharest, and Belgrade.

"Here's the latest news off the enemy radio," Boyar announced from a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Now we'll see fun. The European house of cards is beginning to tumble."

From the captured Polish town of Tarnopol I put a call through immediately to Moscow and started dictating.

"I sent it, briefly, two hours ago," Margot told me. "It's known around the world now. Moscow is in the throes of a wild war demonstration. Crowds are marching through the streets singing the Internationale and carrying large pictures of Karakhan. The mobilization of the Little Entente is accepted as another proof of European capitalistic hostility against Russia."

I HUNG up the phone and turned to Boyar.

"What now?"

"Your plane's here. We are flying south immediately with the commander in chief. You'll see."

The next day, January 4, we followed Karakhan's flying squadron up and down the line of the River Dniester from Kamenetz Podolsk to Odessa. The yellow leader's response to the appearance of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Roumania in the ranks of his enemies went into effect with suddenness and dispatch.

Red columns of mounted Mongols, Tartars, Bashkirs, and Kalmuks swarmed across the Dniester at four different points, along a front of 200 miles, extending from Tiraspol to a point south of Kamenetz Podolsk.

There was isolated resistance from small garrisons of Roumanian artillery and infantry in the villages along the west bank of the river, but the Bessarabian peasants, already in revolt, welcomed the invaders with open arms.

The Red advance was like a forest fire. Ever preceded by their predominating air forces, the invading columns pushed westward along all railroad lines and roads. Czernowitz, the capital of Bukovina, fell on the north, and in the south the dispossessed Bulgarians raised the Red flag in the Dobruja, suddenly creating another hostile flank on Roumania's south.

Binney, in a long-distance telephone conversation with Margot, learned the latest developments in Moscow. The Little Entente had asked France and England to send naval strength to the Black Sea. Russia at once countered this threat by broadcasting Mustapha Kemal Pasha's secret alliance with Moscow. The Bosphorus was closed and Turkish mine fields were planted across the Dardanelles at Chanak.

Karakhan's invasions of Poland and Roumania— his first blows in the War of the Races.

Karakhan's greatest ally was the weather. It was bitterly cold and dry, and the roads in eastern Poland were banked high with snow, greatly impeding the French-made motor transport of the Polish army, but offering no serious obstacle to the hordes of Red horsemen.

In Roumania it was milder, and there the Reds were aided by Bessarabian peasants, and by the general disorganization of the Roumanian army.

Karakhan's forces occupied the capital of Roumania ten days later. Colonel Boyar had obtained a staff car, and in this we rode into Bucharest behind the advance cavalry. The city capitulated without fighting. At the Plaza Athene Hotel we awaited the arrival of Speed

Binney and Margot, coming by air from Moscow.

Late in the afternoon we took the air for Warsaw. Margot sat beside Speed at the dual control board, while Boyar and I studied the maps in the cabin. While at work we were startled to find Speed standing close beside us. Our altitude was some 5,000 feet.

"My God!" shouted Boyar. "Who's flying this thing?"

"No other than little Margot herself," responded the smiling Speed. "I taught her on the flight down from Moscow. She hasn't taken off or made a landing yet, but she can handle it all right in our altitude."

I sent him back to the controls. Our flight northward took us over the captured cities of Czernowitz and Lemberg, to the southwest of which yellow troops were steadily forcing the passes of the Carpathians.

As we flew over these captured cities, I called Boyar's attention to the fact that Karakhan's advance was being made in the same direction as the Russian attempts of 1914 and 1915.

"But the Czar's armies failed," said Boyar. "Karakhan follows in the footsteps of a greater leader than any of the puppets of the Romanoffs. It was a yellow man who first forced the passes of these mountains beneath us."

"Who?"

"IN this same month of January, about seven hundred years ago, a fighting Asiatic gentleman by the name of Mr. Genghis Khan sent one of his generals, Sabutai, through these very passes. He got through and cleaned up the Hungarians on the other side.

"You know, of course, that Karakhan is a great student of the campaigns of Genghis Khan. It is possible that in the next few weeks certain striking similarities will occur to you." Boyar laughed knowingly.

The following morning we landed at Praga on the banks of the Vistula, opposite Warsaw, which had been evacuated by the Poles during the night. At 11 o'clock in the morning, from a balcony of the Bristol Hotel, we looked down upon Karakhan riding at the head of his yellow horsemen on his triumphal entry of the city.

Although in the brief space of two weeks Karakhan had advanced 250 miles along a front almost 700 miles long, or almost twice as long as Europe's western front in the World War—although he had captured two capitals and routed both the Polish and the Roumanian armies — he would not permit his victorious hordes a breathing spell.

South of Warsaw, the all important city of Krakow fell the following day, opening a new pass southward to the plains of Hungary. This was the right arm of the Russian pincers. The left arm, pushing westward from Bucharest, moved up the valley of the Danube toward Belgrade.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I use Kolynos on a dry tooth brush to keep my teeth flashing white" says Ann Pennington

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"LIKE other members of my profession to whom white teeth are a vital necessity," says the twinkling Ann Pennington, "I use Kolynos on a dry tooth brush. I find that it cleans and whitens the teeth better than any other method I know, and since it has my dentist's approval, I use it freely." Ann Pennington

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Teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days, and lustrously beautiful in 10. You can prove this before your own mirror!

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The active, antiseptic foam busies itself on the mucin coating that forms on teeth and discolors them. It breaks up this mucoid coating, disintegrates it and, with the aid of the properly stiff brush bristles, washes it completely off the teeth. ***Teeth are cleaned down to the naked, white enamel without injury.***

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Wide World photo

The war demonstration in the Red Square, Moscow, on receipt of the news that the Little Entente was mobilizing its forces against Russia. The crowds sang the Internationale and carried pictures of Karakhan.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifty-three]

The central force of the entire movement debouched through the Carpathian passes southwest of Lemberg.

It was the unexpected and enormous number of armed men under the Red command that made these triple and quadruple movements possible at the same time.

More important, however, than the size of his forces were the flexibility and mobility of his organizations and their capacity of endurance and self-sustenance.

The most serious resistance was encountered in East Prussia, where a German nationalist army of 50,000 trained men, calling themselves "Steel Helmets," held on the line of the Masurian Lakes.

The former German Crown Prince, who sought to regain lost popularity by leading this futile hope, died with some 40,000 gallant German nationalists in the three days' fighting that ended in the Red victory at Allenstein.

The explosion of a communist mine in the Althaus tunnel, with the consequent killing of 1,200 soldiers of the 233d French Colonial Infantry, revealed the secret attempt of France to reënforce the fleeing Poles before the radical weight of the French Chamber could oppose.

The recall of French and Italian troops from across the Mediterranean was marked by renewed pressure of the North African rebels. Tuareg fanatics drove the French out of Biskra and captured the Garden of Allah. The Egyptians advanced between Cairo and Alexandria. The Moroccans retook Fez and the Senussi surrounded Tripoli.

THE fate of central Europe was decided on the plains of Bratislava, east of the old Austrian city of Pressburg. In the two days of terrific fighting that began on the morning of January 29, Karakhan decisively defeated the forces of the Little Entente, totaling some 300,000 men, including almost 200,000 fresh Serbian troops.

On the night of January 31 I dictated the end of the battle over the long-distance telephone to Margot Denison in Warsaw. Binney left by air that same night to bring her and the office equipment forward, because already we knew that our next headquarters would be Vienna.

Austria offered no resistance to the onward sweep of the Asiatic tide.

Although the Federal government of the little republic of six and a half million population had remained conservative throughout the years of starvation and depression following the Versailles Treaty, the socialist government of the city and province of Vienna itself had consistently gone more and more to the left, until Vienna, once the gayest city in central Europe, had for some years also been the Reddest.

Hans Breitner, the Viennese dictator, met Karakhan on the border and escorted him to the Austrian capital. Boyar and I motored behind them over that forty miles of scenic splendor along the south bank of the Danube.

AS we rode down the Ringstrasse that morning, Viennese traffic policemen were performing their usual duties at street intersections, each accompanied by two Red soldiers, one mounted and one on foot.

We installed ourselves at the Grand Hotel, and Boyar, in his excellent German, telephoned the Hofburg, the old palace of the Emperor Franz Josef, where Karakhan had established headquarters.

"Quick, get your hat!" he shouted, hanging up the receiver. "There's something doing at the palace. You mustn't miss it."

We rushed downstairs and into the waiting car, where he explained that the Austrian cabinet, including the aged prime minister, Monsignor Ignatz Seipel, and President Michael Hainisch, had been arrested, together with a number of notable Viennese of the old régime. Dr. Dumba, former Austro-Hungarian ambassador to the United States, was among the prisoners.

"Karakhan is going to kill all of them," said Boyar.

This statement took my breath away. Three of the men about to die were personally known to me. Their personalities were charming, and their constant efforts on behalf of their stricken country had, time after time, brought Austria back from the brink of dissolution.

"In the name of God, why?" I asked. "These men are not combatants; they have done nothing against Karakhan. Austria has not opposed his advance. There's been no sniping in the streets; the occupation has been peaceful. This is plain, useless murder."

"All as you say, except for one thing," Boyar replied. "Rest assured that the Little Uncle does nothing uselessly. These executions are part of the policy of terror. Terror is necessary to the execution of war.

"The Germans did it in Belgium, and denied it. The British have done it repeatedly in India and Egypt, and suppressed it. The French have done it in Africa, and

lied about it. You Americans yourselves have practiced it in the Philippines and in Haiti.

"Karakhan's policy of executing the conservative heads of the capitalistic government, who number only several dozen, is far more humane than the killing of thousands of nobodies to achieve the same end."

"But this will turn the rest of the world against him," I said. "The killing of these men of international reputation and esteem will send a shudder around the world."

"Exactly," replied Boyar. "It will be a shudder of fear that will make the strength and will of Karakhan felt everywhere. There's nothing more cowardly than capital. Dollars don't fight; neither do capitalists. The real effect of these executions will be to weaken the resistance of every conservative power in the world and strengthen the internal forces of the radicals. Several dozen lives is a cheap price to pay for it."

The memory of that morning I will carry to my grave. The executions took place in the palace courtyard. Boyar rushed me to a second-floor window of a side wing, from which place I could look down below on the left into the faces of the condemned, while on my right was the balcony from which Karakhan himself viewed the slaughter.

THE prisoners were marched out one by one. They were placed with their backs to the wall, facing a line of Chinese riflemen. Over the heads of the execution squad they could look upward into the grim, lemon-colored mask of the man upon whose orders they were to die.

A volley rang out as we took our places at the window, and I saw one crumpled form on the cobblestones. It was carried away on a stretcher, and then, from between the columns of a side corridor marched the tall, erect figure of the president, surrounded by guards.

As his shoulders were placed against the wall, he raised his eyes, throwing back his head so that it lifted the angle of his long, flowing gray beard. That was his posture when the blast of fire struck him.

Monsignor Seipel was next. He was garbed in the long, somber cassock of his priest's order and wore his small four-cornered skullcap. There was a smile on his face and a prayer on his lips as he faced death.

I saw him die. And then poor old Dr. Dumba. He fell as he had lived, an aristocrat to the end.

I sent an imploring look across the angle of the courtyard into the stern face of the yellow terror. It was useless. Karakhan's head moved neither to the left nor to the right. He looked coldly down into the eyes of each one of his victims. It was the face of a demon without heart. Hope was futile.

"God, this is awful!" I whispered to Boyar. "I've got to get out of here. I can't stand it. These men

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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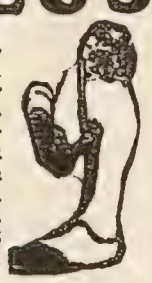

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Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

[THE RED NAPOLEON Continued from page fifty-five]

were friends of mine. This is the most inhuman sight I have ever witnessed."

We walked back to the hotel where, reënforced with several shots of schnapps, I sat down to write my impressions of the horror, much as I have stated them above. Boyar told me there would be no restrictions whatever upon my account of the executions.

"Tell it all," he said. "As Speed Binney says, 'Tell the cockeyed world.' Let the world know that the East has risen in its might."

My 4,000-word dispatch shocked the world. I had spared neither words nor the personality of the Red Napoleon in telling the plain, brutal facts, and I was to learn later that my openly expressed opinions had aroused fears on the cable desk in Chicago that I myself would be shot for sending it.

MY editor did not know then that it was Karakhan's purpose to make news that would shock the world. It was the roar of the lion.

Speed Binney and Margot Denison burst in during the afternoon, followed by a file of porters carrying typewriters and office paraphernalia, hurriedly brought by air from Warsaw. They stood side by side in the doorway, their goggles perched back on their leather flying helmets and their hands held in mock salute beside their glowing youthful faces.

As Margot busied herself settling and establishing the new office in the adjoining rooms, Speed told me that she had flown the big Tribune plane all the way.

"Maggie's a regular Amelia Earhart," he said. "Took hold of the controls and held them 350 miles. Rode her right over the Carpathians without a flicker. She'll be taking them off and putting them down in no time, if this war doesn't suddenly go dead on us."

"Don't worry about that," said Colonel Boyar, rising from the telephone. "You'll get your belly full of it soon enough, young fellow, and maybe tonight."

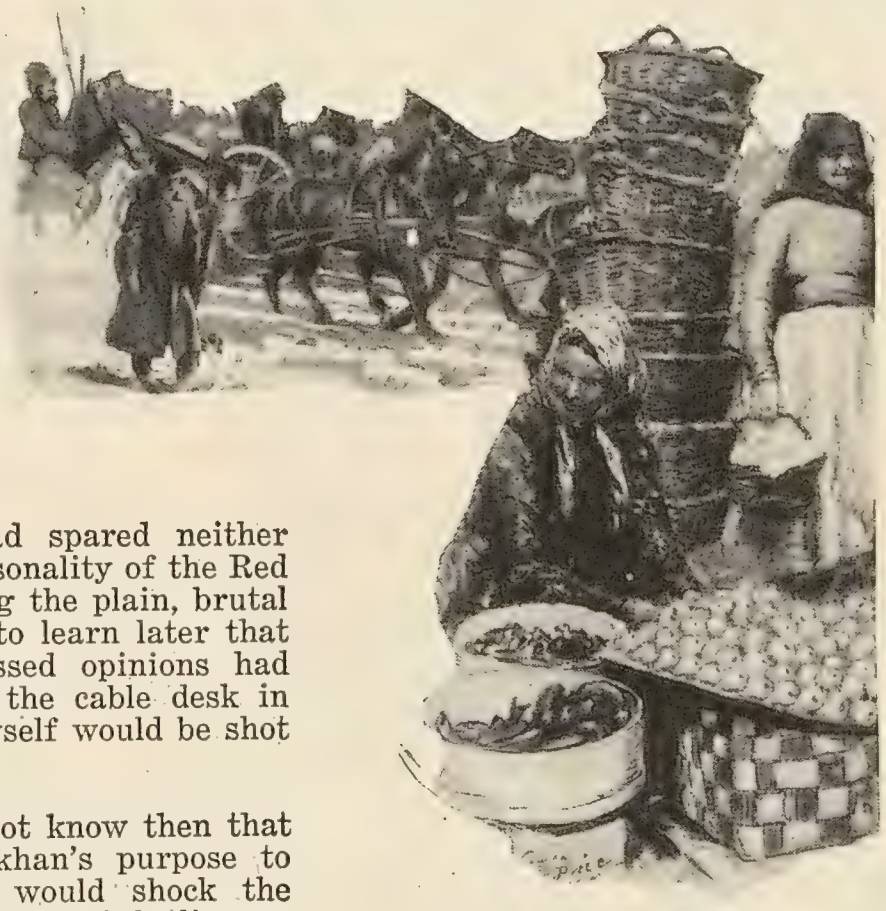
"What now?"

"I have the pleasure to announce the appearance in the lists of a new enemy, and a good one—the first one in Europe with sufficient audacity to take offensive action against Karakhan.

"Italian troops have forced the Brenner Pass and are marching northward on Innsbruck. Other columns are moving on Lienz and Klagenfurt. Advances have been made along the railroad line from Trieste to Laibach and along the road leading up from Fiume to Zagreb."

"Three Tyrolean yodels and an umlaut for old man Mussolini!" shouted Binney.

"He will need them," Boyar retorted laughingly. "Our Little Uncle will soon call the bluff of Il Duce. Our troops have been moving eastward and southward all day.



The air forces are already engaged. Ground contact is not yet established with the enemy, but it soon will be.

"Mussolini's move is right into Karakhan's hands. It definitely aligns everybody in Austria under his standard."

That very night Italy carried the war to Karakhan—to the very room in which the Red Napoleon was sleeping. Vienna was visited with a terrific air bombardment, executed by several squadrons of Italian bombing planes which arrived over the city shortly after midnight.

One of the bombs, dropping in the palace courtyard that had been the scene of the morning executions, made an enormous crater 100 feet in diameter and fifty feet deep. Every window in the palace was shattered, and flying glass fell on the bed occupied by Karakhan.

RED night-flying squadrons took the air against the invaders, and the cold moon, approaching the full, supplied an eerie illumination for the aërial battle.

Seven Italian bombing and thirteen fighting planes were brought down by Karakhan's air forces. One of the fighting planes carried the leader of the raid—the aged Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, who had made his first flight over Vienna in 1918 when Italian and Austrian armies had been locked in battle on the Isonzo.

We recalled the following morning

that d'Annunzio, in his World War raid on Vienna, had dropped only Italian propaganda pamphlets. There was no gesture about this raid. Mussolini sent the flying poet this time with tons of death and destruction, which he delivered most effectively, paying for his daring with his life.

Karakhan directed the preparations against Italy from Vienna, making almost daily flights to the Italian front.

In Roumania the Bessarabian peasants welcomed the Red invaders with open arms.

In the north, his advancing forces in Poland had reached Posen, and columns from Lodz and Krakow had crossed the German-Polish frontier into Silesia.

On February 3, at Kolin, in the valley of the Elbe, the Reds encountered the remainder of the Czechoslovakian army under General Gaida.

It cost the Red leader 60,000 casualties to destroy this heroic remnant.

Prague, the capital, fell to the Red horde two days later, and on February 8 Karakhan's forces occupied Pilsen with its Skoda works and munition plants which had produced the great forty-two-centimeter howitzers of 1914.

"The capture of these munition plants and factories is Karakhan's most important victory of the entire campaign," I explained to Speed Binney upon our arrival. "Pilsen is the armory of central Europe."

"And the fountainhead of the finest beer in the world," said Speed. "There's a subterranean sea of Pilsener located under the brewery, and the Braumeister's house is stocked with Prague ham. Now, here's a real place for an office."

ON February 6 Whit Dodge, who had finally reached the southwest front from Moscow, turned up in Vienna with the story of the progress of the Red armies which, after the fall of Bucharest, had skirted the mountains of Transylvania and had taken a defensive line across the valley of the Danube east of Belgrade.

"Ours was almost a quiet sector," Whit explained. "I thought the Serbs would surely defend their capital, but when your Red Napoleon wiped out three-quarters of the Serbian army at Bratislava, there was nothing left for the remainder of the Serb forces to do but capitulate. They fell back on Belgrade and the Reds occupied it the following day. There was hardly anybody of any consequence left in the city.

"Queen Marie of Roumania, with the boy King Michael, had been there as refugees with her daughter, the former Princess Marie—who, as you know, is the queen of King Alexander I. Both the royal families departed by plane, and I believe they are now temporary guests of the King of Albania.

"JUGOSLAVIA has gone completely over to the Reds. The differences of the Croats, Bosnians, and Slovenes with the Serbians opened the door. All of these peoples want autonomy, and the Reds have promised it.

"The Macedonians have put the same thing over in Greece, where the Reds are receiving a royal welcome. Since the death of Eleutherios Venizelos, they've had it all their own way.

"Bulgaria is trying to remain neutral, but it's useless. King Boris has already quit the country."

"How about Hungary?"

"Red," replied Whit. "Don't know that I can blame them, though—dismembered and made defenseless by the Versailles Treaty, deserted by all their allies, and surrounded now on all sides by victorious Red armies. The Bolos are in the saddle again as they were in the days of Bela Kun. The radicals control Budapest, and Admiral Horthy is in hiding.

"Karakhan's forces met no opposition when they marched through on the way to Bratislava. Remember, the Magyars are more Asiatic than European. They are all of them Tartars under their skin, and now they swear they are blood brothers to Karakhan and his yellow horde."

Tremendous news stories popped on the heels of one another. The European powder house was in flames. My dispatches to America some days totaled 10,000 words. America and western Europe were staggered by the march of events. While the opposing armies on the Austrian-Italian front reënforced themselves for the impending clash, the theater of news suddenly transferred itself to the north.

Leaving Margot in charge of the Vienna office, Binney and I flew to Berlin. Since the invasion of Silesia by the Reds, Germany had made two rather mild protests against this violation of her declared neutrality.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

[THE RED NAPOLEON Continued from page fifty-seven]

The London and Paris press first insinuated and then openly charged that a tacit understanding existed between Russia and Germany, permitting the passage of Red troops across German territory.

The Berlin press emphatically denied these accusations and placed the blame upon the exactions by which France and England had stripped Germany of all power of defending herself against any invader.

Landing at Tempelhof Airdrome shortly after midnight, I taxied downtown through the deserted streets to the Tribune office, located in the Adlon Hotel building at 1 Unter den Linden. Sigrid Schultz, the Tribune's multilingual girl correspondent, was still at her desk.

"Glad you came," she greeted me wearily. "It's about time Chicago sent some relief. I have been on this job twenty hours a day for the last week. There's another *putsch* coming. Everything points to it."

"I'll take your word for it, Sigrid. No one should know the indications better than you. You have covered every revolution in Germany since they threw the Kaiser out."

"BUT this one will be the worst of them all," she replied. "The German Reds are stronger than they have ever been, and the nationalists are weaker. The defeat of the Steel Helmets in East Prussia has left the communists as the only organized force outside of the government, and both the Reichswehr and the Security Police are probably honeycombed with communist 'cells.'

"On top of it all there is a widespread national feeling throughout Germany against the old allied world. The country is defenseless and the people have suffered. They blame their condition on the Versailles Treaty. There will be a popular acceptance of anything that offers relief."

"But," I protested, "has Germany already forgotten the French black troops billeted in the homes of white German women on the Rhine? Don't Germans realize that Karakhan's soldiers are hard-boiled, toughened, fighting Asiatics, who now taste victory over white men for the first time? Can't German husbands and fathers and brothers realize—"

"Certainly," she replied. "Germany's experience on that score is bitter. That will be one reason why Karakhan's forces will be accepted as allies. Better that Germany receive them as brothers in arms than be forced to accept them as conquerors."

And as she had predicted, the German coup d'état materialized the following morning when thousands of communists paraded down Unter den Linden and through the Brandenburger Tor, the top of which bristled with machine guns. They met with no resistance from the government forces which lined the streets and kept order.

Without bloodshed, the capital of Germany, and with it the country, changed overnight from a normally socialistic defeated nation into a communistic and active ally of Karakhan.

P. & A. photos

Mussolini (at the left) with the poet-aviator D'Annunzio.

BY the close of the day, the German Republic had been succeeded by the dictatorship of the German Proletariat, under the leadership of Erick Schulzberger, who, as a member of the Third International of Moscow, had long been under direct orders from that source.

This change in the political complexion of the country, which occurred on February 10, 1933, was preliminary to the subsequent incorporation of the population in the European Sovietic scheme.

In East Prussia and in Saxony and Bavaria, large units of the German Reichswehr joined the Red and yellow forces in their resistless advance westward.

Binney and I returned to Vienna by air by way of Prague. Although it was barely dawn, I found Margot waiting in the Palace Hotel, her typewriter desk stacked high with radio messages and dispatches from Chicago acquainting me with the shock with which the rest of the world had received the news of the developments in Germany. Margot's face was serious.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, ruler of Turkey.

The former Crown Prince of Germany.

"Karakhan's wife has come to Vienna," she said in a quiet, low voice. "I wanted to tell you before Colonel Boyar arrives. Karakhan forbade her to leave Moscow. I presume he is aware of her departure by this time, but I am not sure whether he knows she is here."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In my bedroom," said Margot. "She came here at midnight, after your departure for Berlin. She asked for you. I told her that I was your secretary and you were in Germany. She explained her plight and asked to remain until you returned. I could not do otherwise. I hope I have not made a mistake."

Here was a complication that threatened to wreck all of my ar-

rangements. Here was a white woman, a fellow American for all her radical propensities, hurling herself into the mesh of the war, into the grinding cogs of the ruthless military machine run by the yellow terror—who was at the same time her husband, her lord and master, and the father of her children.

I could not help but recall the humiliation which Karakhan had inflicted upon his wife in my presence on the occasion of our last meeting in Moscow. What would he do now, should he learn that she had followed him almost to the battle front of his fighting armies?

What would be his feelings toward me for aiding her in her disobedience?

I had almost decided upon the cowardly course of doing nothing—of refusing to see her or to have any actual knowledge of her presence in our rooms—when the door of the adjoining room opened and Lin Karakhan appeared.

She wore a dark gray tailored suit and a small felt cloche hat which came low over her forehead, partially screening the dark eyes that bore traces of weeping.

"Please see her in that room," Margot pleaded. "Boyar might be here at any minute." I grasped Lin's extended hand and walked into the adjoining salon, closing the door behind us.

"I know it's wrong," she said. "I know he will be terrible when he finds me here. I fear it will be bad for you. His anger is fiendish."

"But why did you come?"

"To be with him, if I can, even in his anger. I know I am not wanted, but I cannot help it. I am not the girl that you knew. I am a different person. I am his wife. I am the mother of his children. I am his slave. I love him."

I MARVELED again by what power it was that this yellow man had been able to change this once fiery spirit of white American womanhood into a symbol of the domestic code by which the Asiatic's wife becomes his chattel.

"What can I do, Lin?" I asked. "Your being here complicates things a bit. The general's spies are sure to discover you. What would you like me to do?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Just let me stay in Margot's room. I have had all my meals in there. I won't go out, I won't be seen. All the news of him passes through your office. She will keep me informed of each hour's events.

"I must know what's happening. Suspense is unbearable. He is so daring. He knows no fear. He is exposed to daily dangers—death in the air, at the front, assassination here in his headquarters. Can't you understand why I want to be near him?"

I did and I didn't. But there was nothing I could do. I took the weak middle course—agreed to her remaining with Margot; and the interview ended with her tearful thanks. I returned to the office just as Boyar swept in from the corridor, breezy as ever.

"Welcome back from Germany," he said. "Big events await you, and you too, pretty blonde lady. Our Little Uncle leads us on to the seat of the Cæsars. We are about to travel—to take the road to Rome."

"When?"

"We leave this morning for the front," Boyar replied. "Affairs in Germany for the time being stabilize matters on the north flank. Now for the hammer blow on the south. The curtain will go up tomorrow morning."

It did. February 16 marked the opening of Karakhan's offensive against Italy. Accompanied by a tremendous concentration of his air forces, the scourge of Europe hurled his yellow hordes southward and downward from the Carnic Alps.

I was to see the cradle of Western civilization reel under the flame and blade of another Attila.

In next week's installment, Karakhan turns on Belgium, France, and England. In a terrific five-day struggle, the Third Battle of the Marne, he defeats their armies and clears his way to Paris. A coup d'état in London results, and England, Scotland, and Wales go Red. Ireland refuses to follow; so do the colonies—whereupon, at Karakhan's order, Red Japan falls upon Australia and virtually wipes out the white population. Plainly, America's turn to submit or fight is drawing near.

Danger lurks behind white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims

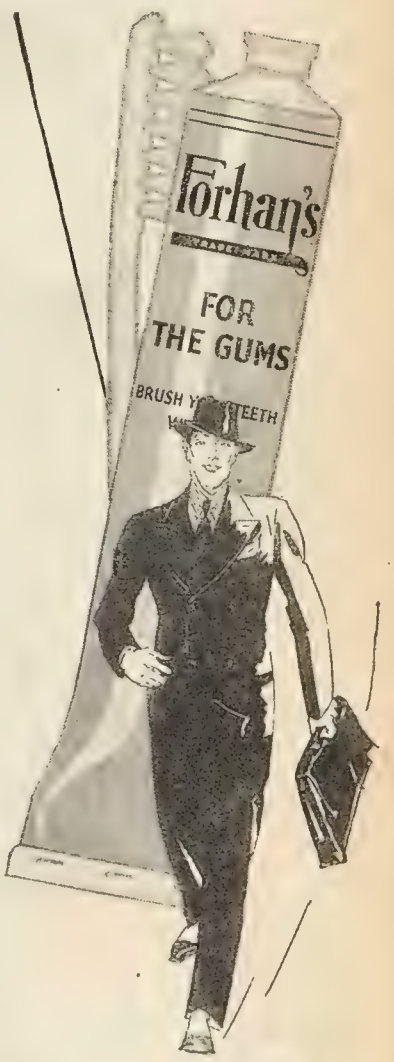
WHITE teeth are attractive. And their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums . . . However white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases-of-neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat, and as a penalty, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, with the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R.J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Vox

"Prohibition Is a Religion"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Now that the Jones law has put new teeth into it, we can get the old thrill out of drinking. That's the silver lining to the cloud of this new law, that got you so bothered in your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion." All we need to get a still bigger

kick is an American Inquisition, Spanish style. You know—guys burned at the stake in the name of the Holy Dry (but not Wholly Dry) Inquisition.

All the drys need is more violent laws to get themselves hurled out on their ear by public opinion.

Yours for the Inquisition.—*L. D.*

MOLINE, ILL.—I find it necessary to disapprove of your ignorant antiprohibition editorials. Ten years of the Noble Experiment have proved that our citizens are guided by their appetites instead of what reasoning powers they may have.—*East White.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," was the finest and most truthful article on this subject I have ever read. More power to LIBERTY!—*Robert F. Salade.*

MANSFIELD, OHIO—I am neither a Methodist nor a Baptist, and I regard your editorial as absolutely flat.—*M. F. Cline, Manager Hotel Fairview.*

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Thank God and the courage of your editor for a fearless editorial presenting a known fact in words of one syllable.—*An Anti-Prohibition Catholic Girl.*

Well, He Made Wine

AFTON, IOWA—It seems to me that the editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," is a bit unfair, and I would like to make a few caustic comments on same.

The editorial states that "prohibition has nothing to do with the religion Christ taught." Is that the editor's sincere belief? Does the editor contend that Christ approved of practices which tend to endanger the rights and happiness of a large number of people?—*G. R. Spencer.*

Spiritually, Wine Means Inspiration

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In reading your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," I wondered how anyone in the Christian faith could possibly believe that Jesus, the Christ, the purest and holiest who ever lived, could be a user and maker of wine in the sense that you wrote of. Taking that passage of Scripture literally, it makes just that impression, but there is a spiritual interpretation as well. Any Christian knows that Jesus, the Christ, never for an instant put temptation in the way of anyone. On the contrary, He came as a living example of what all mankind should do and be.

Therefore the wine which He made must have been unfermented, and, also, you'll find that, spiritually, it (wine) means inspiration.—*Mrs. E. D.*

All Right. Tell Hubby to Look Up a Good Restaurant

COMPTON, CALIF.—I have been trying for three years to muster up courage enough to write to you. But after Ed-

ward Doherty's "Murders on the Roof" I could write volumes.

If one can make hubby wait for dinner while she reads her installment, and sticks to it while said hubby rages and the steak burns, it must be a darned good one.

Chet Qug was wonderful. I was so glad he didn't squeal.

I lost my heart to Ted and Geoff Platt.

Please tell Mr. Doherty to stick around awhile, and give us more stories. —*Peg—a Liberty Lover.*

Lil Cannot Wither Nor Leslie Stale Her Infinite Variety

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I see where one of the Vox Poppers wanted to know which one of the bathing beauties was Lil, on your February 9 cover.

This wouldn't be so hard to solve if Thrasher would quit mixing his paints.

One time she is a brunette, next a blonde and even red-headed, and it wouldn't surprise me to see her gray-headed some Saturday.

What the — is she, a chameleon?

Send Leslie to the nearest optician.

Every time I look at a cover I think Sandy is out with another woman.—*L. A. Mulry, Jr.*

You Ban Comical Fella, Gus

LIMA, OHIO—Some time go my brother Sven come from old countree to make living. Bote stop at New York to let Sven get fine yob. Sven write stories.

I not hear from Sven for meny years and think maybe you see him. He big fine fella with big feet. Write very bum stories. I pay 5¢, buy LIBERTY, read all stories. Think maybe Sven write all, yeh?—*Gus Oleson.*

'Fraid Not; Sorry

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am very much interested in "The Red Napoleon," but I would like to ask Mr. Floyd Gibbons one question. After Karakhan of Kazan sweeps over Europe, destroys white civilization, invades the U. S. A., destroys New York, and takes Washington—will he repeal the prohibition law?—*J. S. Brown.*

We Like Them That Way

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Thrasher's covers are worth a nickel. Why spoil the nickel's worth by putting so much junk behind them?—*D. C. Arthur.*

Beauty Hint

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Tut, tut! I'm disappointed in your beauty specialist, Eileen Bourne, and her article, "The Bogy of Superfluous Hair." She seemed to imply that a woman has a fit if she discovers traces of a mustache on her upper lip.

Tush, I say! Women have been steadily getting more like men for the last twenty-five years, so they should welcome this final symptom of virility.

Instead of whining over it, and trying to get rid of it, a woman should buck up, and be a man, and make the most of it.

She should nurse her mustache along till it's sturdy, and a thing to be proud of.

Just think of the moods it could express. Conquering mood: turned up

and bristling. Sad mood: drooping. Fashionable: a simply gorgeous permanent wave.—*Chick J.*

Pop

We Might Have Another

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—As your series of unsolved mysteries draws to a close, allow me to express to you and to Mr. Sutherland my sincere appreciation of the entertainment and mental stimulation afforded by this contest.

The idea was a real inspiration and the articles have been superbly written. The facts were stated in a clear, concise, but entertaining manner. If the facts were sometimes woefully incomplete, I am sure that was no fault of Mr. Sutherland. Rather, it was the reason for the mystery remaining unsolved.

As I ride train, boat, and street car about three hours daily, commuting between my home and my work, I have a great deal of time for reading. Every month I read a vast number of books, magazines, and newspapers. I cannot remember reading anything, anywhere, any time, that has given me as much real enjoyment as has this series. I am sorry to see it end.—*Richard S. M. Jones.*

Time Will Tell

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—If Robert R. McCormick and Joseph M. Patterson (they're the crazy fellows who estimated that LIBERTY will have the largest magazine circulation in the world in 1935, you know) ever chance to meet Ben Franklin, the Saturday Evening Post's poppa, in the spirit world, what a razzing Ben will give them—in a joking way, of course, because old Ben Franklin always did like a good, harmless joke.—*Etvia.*

Could You Use Somebody to Hold Your Hand?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Oh! How could you, Mae Tinée? Just think of a poor 'ittle baby suffering like that—not only once but many times, and finally, in the end—a haven in the arms of a Sam Macy. How could Mae Tinée be so heartless? I told the plot of her LIBERTY

story, "Front Page Fanny," aloud, and the whole family wept.

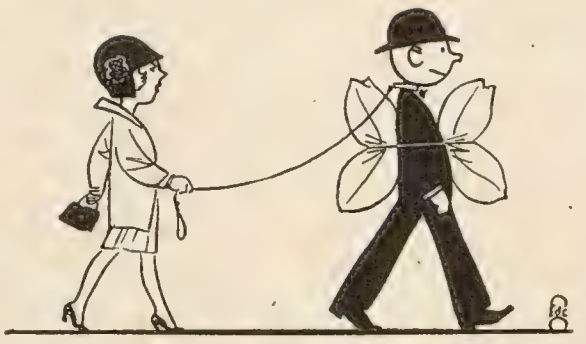
I thought the meanest man in the world was one who gave a kid a nickel to go to sleep, and then, after he was sound asleep, crept up and took the nickel, and beat the child, in the morning, for losing it.

Now, that's an idea for Mae Tinée's next story. Another one like that and I'll need twelve handkerchiefs when I'm reading it.—*Barbara Allison.*

Here He Is; We Have a Very Accommodating Artist

BOSTON, MASS.—Your new serial, "Fool Errant," got off to a good start. Hope it keeps up the good work. It's appealing, and its people seem alive.

But, for gosh sake, tell Patricia Wentworth not to let her young hero, Hugo Ross, run around loose any more



—bumping into girls the way he does. He ought to be locked up, or on a leash.

Equip him with shock absorbers, or pillows fore and aft, before he bangs into another unoffending girl.—*M. Carter.*

Bryan

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO—That bird who has been giving his opinion of Bryan is evidently one who escaped from one of Barnum's cages. As to him, I believe in evolution. I cannot say whether he has ascended or descended, but he presents unquestionable evidence that he is related closely to the lowest form of animal life.

He cannot comprehend the thoughts of a man. According to his opinion, Bryan was always wrong. He neglects to mention the legislation that Bryan favored that is now law: the income tax, election of United States senators by popular vote, suffrage extended to women, the advancement of world peace, and prohibition, all of which are now adopted as Republican policies.

And, while he did not originate the Federal Reserve Act, not being in the halls of legislation at the time, yet he favored the law. According to this Barnum protégé, the Republican party must be very weak minded not to repeal these Bryan fallacies.

And a man is certainly very craven to attack a man in his grave on account of his religious views.—*J. M. Day.*

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Your readers have stood for much under the name of LIBERTY. I've read it consistently, persistently, since it arrived. It dared the world, and attracted it.

But your Werner went too far in Part Eleven of his biography of Bryan. His reference to a "mythical creator" to whom Bryan turned, his reiterated statement that Bryan "begged the question of God," and such sentences as "Bryan's snarls at Darwin emanated from the jungles of the mind" place Werner and his article beyond the pale of redemption.—*B. Love.*

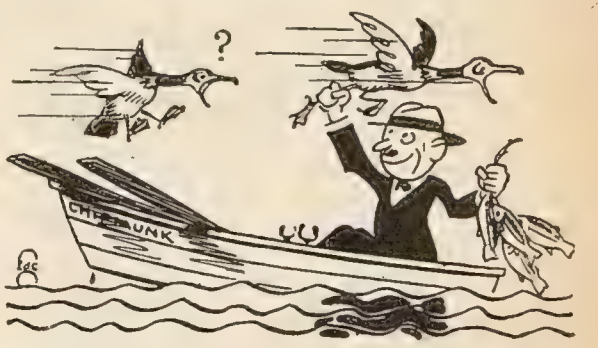
VERNAL, UTAH—Strange it is to read of the indignation of E. E. Blakely of Washington, D. C., anent the Werner biography of William Jennings Bryan; stranger still to read in Mr. Blakely's contribution the words "glaring misrepresentation." Truth is never a glaring misrepresentation.

Long before Bryan died the myth of his interest in the common people had been exploded. Bryan dearly loved Bryan; Bryan dearly loved gold; Bryan dearly loved adulation; Bryan sincerely believed that Bryan was the greatest man that ever lived. As Secretary of State this "commoner" could not exist on his salary of $12,000 per year; oh, no; and neither could he touch the gold already amassed.

Bryan has departed, and as he firmly believed in an after life he is probably planning still another nomination for something—somewhere. Thank goodness, wherever he is even the radio can't tell us about it.—*Frank Fleming.*

Oh, Don't Be Modest

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—That was a swell story by Achmed Abdullah that you ran



—the one called "This Red-Haired Girl." It lifted you up and set you down right in the Afghan hills, where love is love, if you know what I mean.

But one sentence in it interested me strangely. Here it is:

"Trout-fishing, that's what Attila Hamdi liked; not with baited line—a farmer's way, he called it contemptuously—but by plunging a quick, clever hand into the water, gripping the squirmy fellows by the gills, jerking them out on the bank . . ."

It seems to me that Attila Hamdi was slow, and no great shakes, just to catch trout with his bare hands, and nothing else.

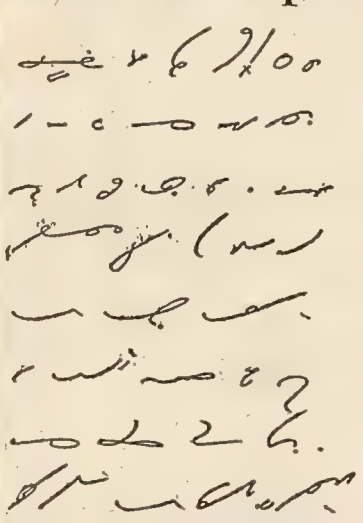
I did a lot better than that, when I fished in the Afghan hills. I needed more than trout, so after I'd caught about three dozen with my bare hands, I used to look up, and listen, and then plunge a quick, clever hand into the air, and catch a wild duck by the legs as he went by.

If I may say so, with modesty, it's all in the quickness and the cleverness of the hand.—*An Indianapolis Afghan.*

"Best Ever!"—

Says Miss Marieta J. Tracy, Private Secretary to the President & Managing Director of the

Hotel McAlpin



The Gregg Shorthand above, written with a Semi-Hex Pencil, when translated, reads:

Semi-Hex is the best ever! I use it in all my note taking because it is easy writing, with a smooth, delicately shading but strong and long lasting lead. The rounded corners also keep my fingers from becoming tired during long periods of dictation.

SEMI-HEX

General Pencil Company
Jersey City New Jersey

Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in late years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty, health and vigor by that change.

A great factor has been a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat.

Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe that to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

"—But I Kept My Presence of Mind"

A New For the Love o' Lil

LIL'S nondrip candles dripped, dripped, dripped, smearing her Georgian candlesticks with smooth streaks of moss green. The bright flames flickered, their golden cones reflected in the green Venetian glassware and upon the graceful silver bowl with its dainty spray of cherry blossoms.

Lil smiled across the table to Sandy: Their distinguished dinner guest, Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim, had not yet extinguished his ravishing appetite! His brilliant sash gleamed in the candlelight. His monocle flashed like a signal at sea.

This week's cover picture.

"Just pay five thousand dollars down," he was saying to Sandy with his mouth quite full. "Then the Felsenheim platinum mine at Badakshan is yours! But let us not spoil the delight of such a banquet with business. The contents of these flaky patty shells remind me of the tasty dish my slaves have served from the tenderloin of the fat-tailed sheep. *Quel goût!*"

Lil didn't know what *goo* meant and it was hard to get any connection between fat-tailed sheep roaming Afghanistan and her choice goose-liver patties. She wished for a table filled with important guests in order to show off her Bodo! A nobleman, war bird, platinum mine owner, wealthy globe trotter, linguist! She must look up *coup d'état, affaire d'amour,* and *noblesse oblige.* With these foreign words to work into conversation, there was no telling how far she could get in society.

"Where would you care to stroll?" she asked Bodo after he had enjoyed six demi-tasses. "Would you prefer the conservatory, gymnasium, or roof garden?"

"The parlor, if you have one, *ma chérie.*" Bodo bowed.

Sandy jumped. What did this dodo mean calling Lil a cherry?

The mulberry-tapestried walls blurred. The low hearth fire became a campfire on the outskirts of civilization. Was that the bark of a neighbor's dog or the trumpeting of an elephant in the jungles of the Congo? Lil's hands were cold with nervousness. Sandy's feet were cold from fright!

"Have you ever seen the sunset purpling to black over the rolling savannas of the Congo?" Bodo was asking. "You haven't? Ah, then you haven't seen mother nature in her glory. While the shrieks of the fauna—"

"Fauna?" Sandy asked. "Aren't they tropical flowers?"

"You're thinking of flora," Bodo told him. "Fauna in the Congo are the buffalo, the crocodile, the chimpanzee, and—but I must not name such ugly animal life. The Congo is the public feasting grounds of cannibals. I shall relate how I was attacked by the hated man-eaters of the tribe of Kimdubunk."

"Kimduwhat?" Sandy stupidly asked.

"Bunk," Bodo yelled. "I was surrounded by dancing fiends. They inspected my palms—choicest *hors d'œuvres* among cannibals—bound me to a rubber tree. Their pot boiled, waiting for my athletic body. Would my flesh be tender? What parts of me would be tossed upon an ant hill? It was horrible but—"

"But what?" Lil squeaked in sustained fright.

"But I kept my presence of mind." And Bodo added an adventurer's grand gesture to his magnificent lie!

(*Next week's cover adventure: Fine Feathers*)

The Great War Against BUGS

A Fight We May Never Win

The insect is better adapted to this planet than man.

In western Europe, war did not decrease population.

By HARPER LEECH

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

AFTER millions of years man has definitely established his supremacy over the larger animals. But in doing so he has created civilizations and living conditions which have exposed him to more effective attack by an alliance of injurious insects and microörganisms. Today this war grows more intense.

In the past, civilizations have been wiped out by these tiny enemies, and today man's food supply is threatened.

Those who appreciate the seriousness of this conflict cannot share the exaggerated concern of the pacifist as to the more trivial civil wars of humanity.

Alarmist writers have pictured the human race wiped out by poison gas dropped from airplanes. But the airplane and chemical poisons, developed partly for warlike uses, constitute one of man's most promising weapons against bugs.

Man has never succeeded in killing himself off as rapidly as the bugs have succeeded in killing or starving him. All the wars of history have been three-cornered fights, and insects have won them all.

This is true of the last World War, as a whole. However, if the war on the western front be considered separately, mankind may be credited with a victory there—a curious sort of victory. In that battle, casualties, for the first time in history probably, exceeded deaths by disease in the armies engaged.

In western Europe the last war did not cause a decrease of population. In eastern Europe, where the Russian armies ran away as often as they fought, there was a tremendous population decline. This in itself shows the relative importance of the two kinds of war. In the west medical science, keyed up by wartime psychology to a high pitch of efficiency, succeeded in saving life to such an extent that humanity won a biological victory from 1914 to 1919. In the east, where governments collapsed and where revolting serfs hunted down men of science as if they were enemies of humanity, the allied louse and typhus germ killed millions more than were dispatched by shot, shell, and gas.

From 1910 to 1920 Russia's population decreased by 13,865,000. The big war hardly penetrated the present territory of Soviet Russia. The Russians have estimated the direct military losses of their armies at 2,500,000. But their usual excess of births over deaths for the four-year period of the World War would have been about 8,000,000.

In the ten years from 1910 to 1920 Russia, living as under the czars, would have scored an increase of 20,000,000 people. This figures out to a real population loss of around 34,000,000, of which military losses were but a trifling percentage. Here we have one of the greatest biological defeats ever suffered by the human race. The insect and microörganic enemies of humanity had a walk-over.

In Russia a biological defeat was suffered by humanity.

However, there is no reason for Americans to be cocky over their achievements in the war of the species. If we have to our credit the brilliant victories over the mosquito in the battles of malaria and yellow fever, we have to our discredit enormous losses all along the crop lines. The cotton boll weevil has whipped us to date, the corn borer has definitely established his armies in our territories. The American economic system is based on the corn crop; if we should lose that fight there is no telling what the consequences would be.

Our annual losses from insect inroads on our crops have passed the $2,000,000,000 mark. We lose 22 per cent of our wheat, 20 per cent of our fruits, and 10 per cent of our animal products to insect raiders every year. This is twelve times our annual fire losses, but we maintain no bug-fighting force comparable to our fire departments. We do not even know our enemies. The insect world is so different from the world of warm-blooded animals that it requires the highest scientific attainments to gain a knowledge of that world, and so to divine the enemy movements in advance. But there are not over 2,000 entomologists in America, not more than 6,000 in the world. While we are talking about communicating with possible living beings on the other planets, we leave the study of another world of life right here with us to a few hundred men, and spend a few paltry millions upon the defense of our species against it.

Not all insects are inimical to man. Insects wage war with each other, and one mode of defense against them today is to foment such civil wars. We have learned to set the parasites of injurious insects to work in our defense. But all the time our civilization is creating more favorable conditions for the injurious insects.

Why should man, with his much touted brain, fear the lowly bugs?

THE answer is that the more we learn about the insect world with its more than 200,000 species, adapted to every nook and corner of this earth, the less confident we can be of our position.

Undoubtedly the insect is better adapted to life on this planet than man. The insect is capable of modification to suit new conditions. Its individual life of a few days or hours makes its evolution comparatively rapid.

Man has become a set type. His evolutionary history is about closed. The brain he boasts about has probably reached the limit of its capacity. For millions of years his body has remained primitive, compared to the bodies of most of his kindred animals. By brain development he has escaped the necessity of adapting his body to fit nature's conditions, but in doing that he has lost the powers of adaptation, which the plastic world of bugs and germs retains.

The boll weevil

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 64]

In America the boll weevil has whipped us, up to date.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

only in recent times became a cotton-eating bug. The disease germs, many of them carried by insects which bite man, appear to have acquired their evil powers in recent centuries.

Think how easy it was for man to be healthy a few hundred years ago.

We don't know when all the germs presented to us by Asia and Africa got their start in their original homes, but some of them are probably very recent. We have conquered some of their plagues in the last quarter century, but not until they had slain scores of millions and held back civilization. We have good reason to believe that malaria, borne out of Africa about 400 B. C. by the mosquito, was one of the things which destroyed ancient civilization.

The power of the insect world has been summed up by Dr. L. O. Howard, former chief of the United States Bureau of Entomology, in this wise:

"Insects are a healthy race. They have in these 50,000,000 years bred out the unfit. What is termed 'advancing civilization' is not only encouraging insects to multiply almost beyond bounds, but is facilitating and hastening their spread. In the face of all this, what we have done and what we are doing is a trifle compared to what we have still to do and to learn.

Man is confronted by an alliance of injurious insects.

"Month by month the insect problem becomes more serious. It is far more serious today than it was twenty years ago, although the workers in economic entomology have doubled in that time and the money expended has probably trebled. To the knowing mind it is perfectly obvious that just at the time when the crisis of overpopulation of the earth is approaching, when the total human food supply must rapidly be increased, the multiplication of injurious insects is helped in a way by the very methods man has adopted in his civilized life.

"Hundreds of thousands of species of insects are far better adapted to continued existence upon the earth than is the human species. But the intelligence of the human mind, when it is put to collective use, places man in control and enables him, in spite of his poorly adapted physique, to assume the commanding place."

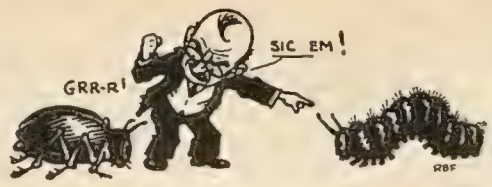
But will he keep it? It is true that man has a collective mind. But he also has collective brainstorms. The bolshevik brainstorm, the revolt against intelligence and order, gave the insect world an opening in its war on the human species, and staggering losses were inflicted. It is no isolated event. Things like that have happened many times.

IN the unending warfare we call evolution, man's brain is a two-edged sword. It has helped him conquer the warm-blooded animals. Civilized man armed with science can partially master the insect. Since the year 1800, the white race, by using its brains and maintaining social order, has quadrupled its numbers. It is significant that this race, which has mastered the others and has waged the most effective war on the insect world and the germ plagues, is the race which is criticized by others, and by some of its own members, for its fighting habits.

Is there a connection between the capacity of men to fight each other and their capacity to fight their microbe and insect enemies? It is significant that the great plagues, with the exception of malaria, have all come from the great Oriental river valleys, where religions which lean to nonresistance, pacifism, vegetarianism, and excessive regard for animal life have molded the lives of the people.

We maintain no adequate bug-fighting force of scientists.

Coming into these regions the white man, warlike, meat eating and alcohol drinking, has cleaned up plagues and caused the multiplication of the Oriental populations in spite of their creeds and habits. The Japanese, governed by a military aristocracy, and some of the African tribes like those of Abyssinia and Zululand appear to have similar psychologies to the white man, little in common with those of the alluvial Orient—mother of plagues.

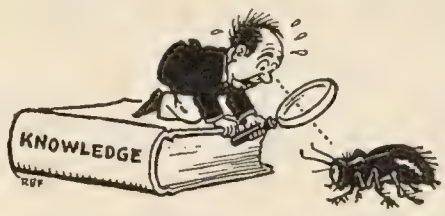


One mode of defense is to foment civil wars between bugs.

Man is the only animal with a collective mind—how true! Man is also the only animal which commits suicide, the only animal which practices race suicide, the only animal which has ever devised superstitions which forbid the killing of other animals, insects, and even poisonous reptiles, the only animal which has ever suspended the process of natural selection in the ranks of its own species, the only animal which has ever set up social, economic, and political conditions which cause its strongest to quit breeding, and encourage the multiplication of its faint hearts and feeble wits.

IF man and his collective mind had not come on earth, the great war today would be that of the birds against the insects. Destruction of bird life may prove to be the crowning act of human folly, if it is not soon checked. Next to birds, the use of insect parasites is probably the best plan in the warfare on bugs. The United States has agents in many lands searching for insects which will prey upon the more than 2,000 species of bugs which are attacking our food supplies. We have had some marvelously good luck in that line. But it is complicated and ticklish work.

For instance, the Bureau of Entomology brought over from Europe a promising parasite, the *Apanteles melanoscelus*, to prey upon the gypsy moth and the brown-tailed moth. *Apanteles* was the goods. His appetite was confined mostly to the larvæ of the kinds of moths the bug men were aiming at. It produced two generations each year. But then the entomologists discovered that he also had a parasite at work on him. These hyperparasites had appetites almost as tolerant as that of man, or his friend the hog. They ate any and all kinds of insect parasites. It appears that the parasitic insect has parasites, that these parasites have "tertiary parasites" to bite 'em and so on *ad infinitum* like the big and little fleas of the nursery rhyme.



Why should man, with his brain, fear the lowly bug?

The airplane has come into extended use in the insect war—with varying success. Dusting of cotton and wheat with powdered insecticides has proved successful under certain conditions. It has been a failure in the fight to save sugar cane from the sugar cane borer.

The Chemical Warfare section of the army is working on the use of gases in insect warfare.

Probably the biggest pitched battle fought to date is that against the corn borer. Over 5,000 government employees and 250,000 farmers were engaged along a 1,000-mile battle front. By raking, scraping, plowing under and burning material harboring the borer and its eggs, it is estimated that 90 per cent or better of the borers were destroyed, but the descendants of those which survived were so numerous and active that the survivors extended their advance westward last year. The march of the cotton boll weevil from the Mexican border to the Atlantic Ocean was never halted an inch in twenty-six years of fight. The fact that cotton continues to be raised by altering farming methods and by breeding earlier maturing varieties of the plant does not detract much from the insect's victory.

We usually assume that man will be the final victor in his war with insects. This is not a certainty.

THE END

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

The enemy ceased fire and in a couple of minutes two men came out of the woods pointing guns at me.

A Scar of Battle

The Story of a Shotgun Courtship

By
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

I SAW Walt Morrow in New York last week for the first time since the war. He had stayed in the army and was in uniform. I noticed that he was wearing a chevron on his right arm.

"Why the wound stripe?" I inquired.

"For being wounded while on active duty, you dumbbell," he explained, "by order of the Secretary of War."

"But you never were wounded," I insisted. "I was with you until the armistice and I know very well you never got a scratch."

"That's been ten years now."

"You mean you've been wounded since then?"

"Exactly."

"Chicago?"

"Nope."

"Well, where?"

"In the shoulder."

"Go to hell. I wish they'd blown your head off."

"You mean 'she.'"

"What? When did we declare war on the Amazons?"

"We haven't. You can believe this story or not. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A SCAR OF BATTLE
Continued from page sixty-five]

there's no doubt about the hole through my shoulder. The scar of battle is still there."

And here are the facts as Walt gave them to me:

LAST fall I was sent down to Carolina from Detroit to put on a stunting exhibition at the opening of an airport. You know how it is, every time the politicians want to round up a few votes they get the War Department to send 'em some planes to get a crowd together so they can make a speech.

Well, we got this airport opened in due form and some brass-lunged welkin ringer elected, and I started back. I tried to get a weather report, but I might as well have tried to get a vote. They only have two kinds of weather down there—one is good cotton weather and the other is bad cotton weather. They can't even understand why anybody that doesn't raise cotton is interested in the weather. So I had to start back without knowing what was ahead of me.

I had a PW8, which cruises at a hundred and thirty-five, and enough gas to take me to Dayton. The sky was clear and I expected to be in the air about three hours.

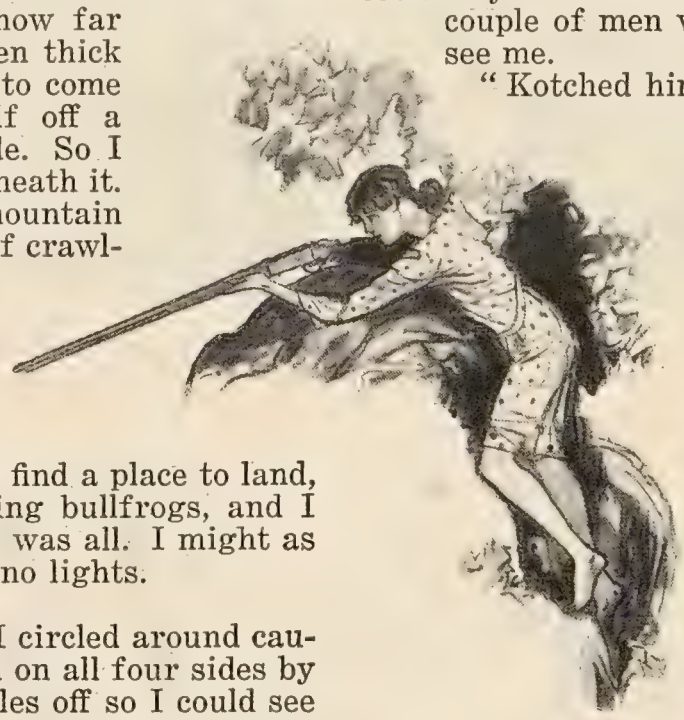
When I hit the foothills it was clouding up a bit, but it looked local and I went on. I crossed one mountain range at six thousand feet and was bumping my head on heavy clouds, but it looked open ahead.

About twenty miles farther it began to rain a little. It didn't look good in front, but it looked worse behind.

The next range was about five thousand feet high and I crawled over it and found the valley beyond full of clouds and mist. Couldn't see through it, but I could see the mountains on the other side of it. It was only about ten miles across and I sneaked cautiously over into the next valley. It was clear below me, but started to close in above.

Then it began to rain. And it was a hard rain, too. I had to come down so I could see something below me. I might have climbed and tried to go over the storm, but I knew there was at least one mountain fifteen thousand feet high somewhere near there, and I didn't know how many others. And I didn't know how far that storm went. It might have been thick all the way to Detroit and I'd have to come down sometime and unhook myself off a church spire or dig out of a hillside. So I stayed low and tried to get by underneath it.

The clouds were down below the mountain tops ahead, so there was no chance of crawling over them and I flew up and down the valley until I found a gap and went through that range to the next. There was no valley below me there, but just a series of jagged mountain tops and it looked like I was trapped. I tried to find a place to land, but there wasn't any. It was raining bullfrogs, and I just could see the tree tops and that was all. I might as well have been flying at night with no lights.



THIS time I was in a blind alley. I circled around cautiously and found I was closed in on all four sides by high ranges. I had to take my goggles off so I could see something and the raindrops spattered on my eyeballs like buckshot. Any second I expected to hit the mountain side.

I wanted to land, but there was no place below me where I could have landed a Kiddie-Kar, much less a PW8, which needs a fifteen-hundred-foot runway. There was nothing below but a solid forest of thick trees.

It looked as if the time had come for me to pay for my sins, and I was dodging blindly about in the rain when I espied a little cornfield along the banks of a stream. It was rough and rocky, but it was a better place than where I was. I circled around it to get up my nerve to land and noticed a cabin near the stream with smoke coming out of the chimney. At least there'd be somebody near to fish me out of the wreckage if I crashed, and I was pretty sure to do that because a PW hits the ground at seventy-five.

I sideslipped in and pancaked in the cornfield, but didn't have fifty feet to run before I hit a gulley and the plane cartwheeled. Both wings were torn off and the fuselage settled on its back. I had cut my switches and turned off the gas so it didn't catch fire.

In spite of cracking up so thoroughly, it felt good to be on the ground. I caught my breath and crawled out. It took some wiggling to get out of the wreckage, but I finally managed it.

I was taking off my helmet when I heard a noise that sounded strangely like a rifle at close range, and something hit my sleeve. I looked at it closely and, whatever it was, it left a hole. There was another crack and another hole in the helmet in my hand. Before another one, I was back under the wreckage in half the time it took me to get out. It looked as if I wasn't welcome.

I got out my handkerchief and waved it as a flag of truce, and when no holes appeared in it I raised my hands above my head and stood up. The enemy ceased fire and in a couple of minutes two men came out of the woods pointing guns at me. They looked like friends of Lincoln in his log-splitting days. But I was glad to see anybody then.

One of them kept me covered with his gun while the other one searched me.

"Hello," I tried on them. "That was a narrow escape. I got lost in the rain and had to land quick. You might see if I've got any broken bones while you're looking."

"WE'UNS bin a-watchin' ye," one of them informed me over his gun barrel. "And we'uns bin a-waitin' on ye. We a-hert ye wuz a-comin'. Hit's a pity ye didn't kill yesef ter save we'uns the chore."

I had heard that mountaineers were inhospitable, but I didn't know they were actually hostile. A stranger got no break with them at all.

I tried to explain the matter to them, but they seemed to know all about me. When I took off my flying suit they saw my uniform and nodded to each other knowingly.

They marched me as a prisoner of war to the cabin I had seen from the air and I began to get their drift. Back of the cabin was one of the biggest stills south of Canada. It looked like a vertical steam boiler and the coils were cooled by the creek which was trapped over them. A couple of men were tending it and seemed glad to see me.

"Kotched him, didje?" one of them commented gleefully.

My captors grunted. I began to see their point of view. They mistook me for a prohibition officer.

"Look here," I told them seriously. "You're all wrong. I'm no Federal agent. I'm in the army."

They laughed.

"We'uns knows hit."

One of them took a dirty piece of newspaper out of his pocket and handed it to me. It read:

> Prohibition officers in the vicinity of Big Stone Ridge report that it is impossible to locate stills in the Wildcat district and have requested the War Department to send planes to spot them from the air. No reply has yet been received to this request.

After I read that I began to feel worse. Plainly I was not among friends.

I offered a thorough explanation of my presence in their midst, but I could see that it fell flat. I realized myself that it had its weak points.

About that time a girl came out of the cabin. She was right pretty and I had hopes she'd pull a Pocahontas for me.

"Ef yo're a-goin' ter shoot the revenooer, pap," she said, "do hit afore dinner. Thar ain't much vittals nohow."

I changed my mind about her.

Two of the men were for shooting me at once. The

others were undecided. I protested my innocence violently. I produced my orders and showed them my identification card. But no one could read well enough to decipher them.

I explained to them that as soon as I was missed, a search would be made for me in these mountains and would continue until the plane was found, and that if the search went on very long, someone would certainly find their still and then the whole army would come after them sure enough. I saw at once that I had scored with that argument and proceeded to elaborate it.

I pointed out that people in the valley had seen me pass over and they would tell the army planes where to search. I pictured the mountains full of planes. Surely they didn't want the whole United States army searching the neighborhood. And if they did away with me they'd all hang eventually. That didn't seem to bother them any, as that's the way all good blockaders die, so I pointed out that as soon as I was reported safe the search would stop. It was probably starting now. I cared nothing for their still and couldn't find my way back to it if I wanted to.

I asked her how she'd like to marry me and live in a skyscraper.

I convinced one man of the wisdom of sparing me, but the others still thought there was a trick about it and I had best be put out of the way.

The girl had a bright idea.

"Them revenooers is a-workin' the valleh. Take him down and let 'em see him. Ef they shoot him, ye'll know he's a-tellin' we'uns the truth. Ef they don't shoot him, ye'll know he's a-lyin' and ye-uns kin shoot him."

I pointed out gently that it was heads I lose, tails I lose. She said that was the idea. And if I was telling the truth, the revenooers would get the body and stop the search. In any case, I wouldn't be able to lead anybody back to the still. I gathered there had already been considerable skirmishing in the neighborhood lately and both sides shot on sight. The girl's brother had been killed recently by the agents and she was clamoring for vengeance.

The men were inclined to agree with her, but decided to postpone action until a man named Zeb should come back from a trip down the mountain where he had gone with a load of whisky.

I had a few hours to live and was grateful. If that argument had kept up I'd have gotten nervous.

They took me to a little shed where they stored the whisky and chained my leg to a big post. There was no chance to get the chain loose and if I pulled the post out a bunch of cans on a shelf would fall on me.

There was a can near me with some corn whisky left in the bottom and I took a couple of swallows. Oh, boy, it tasted good. In fifteen minutes I didn't care whether they shot me or not. It was the smoothest likker I ever tasted and I didn't even want a chaser.

THE girl brought me a piece of corn pone for lunch and she looked to me like the Floradora sextet. I thought she was Miss Appalachian. I said something to her about it and she told me to shut my damn mouth.

But I noticed when she came back that she had on a different dress and a ribbon in her hair. Things were looking up.

Zeb didn't show up, so it began to look like I would survive the night. I finished off the can of whisky and got another one opened. I was hoping Zeb would never come back.

The girl came in to talk to me for a while and she certainly looked like a million dollars. I asked her if she'd ever thought of going into the movies. It seemed that she hadn't. So I told her all about the movie queens and how they lived in steam-heated palaces. She'd seen a couple of pictures and took to the idea at once. She wanted to know about how people lived in cities, so I told her about Detroit. Possibly the corn embellished my story, but I had to make it interesting. Anyway, I got a piece of sidemeat for supper so I didn't mind playing Tommy Tucker.

Next morning I woke up without a trace of a hangover and had another shot of corn for breakfast. The still was running full blast and nobody paid any attention to me except the girl. She fluttered around me all day while I told her how pretty she was and how she ought to live in the city where they had ice and electric stoves and phonographs and beauty parlors and everybody wore shoes.

I could see her heart soften every time I'd kiss the Blarney Stone. Thank God I was stationed near Paris for a while. She made one of the men unloose me and take me for a walk so I could stretch. I tried a little conversation with him, but it didn't work. He just kept ten feet behind me with his gun pointed at my back.

THAT night the girl brought me some mush meal for supper and stayed for a chat. I began to see a way to prolong my life. John Smith must have got his training in Paris, too.

I asked her if she'd ever thought of getting married. She 'lowed as she had. A prominent young blockader was even now suing for her hand. She had promised to give him an answer as soon as he got out of jail.

I asked her how she'd like to live in the city and take her clothes off at night.

She said she'd like that fine.

So I told her that I had always wanted a pretty wife like her, but now I wouldn't ever have one.

She said that was a pity.

Then I asked her how she'd like to marry me and live in a skyscraper.

That put a different complexion on the matter. I told her if she'd get me loose and show me the way back to civilization, I'd send her money when I got home and she could come meet me and we'd get married.

That suited her fine. She said next day she'd fix it up so she could take me for my walk and then we'd skip together.

Well, anything to get away from there. I didn't know how I was going to get rid of her later, but at the moment I didn't care. Anything is better than a chain on your leg.

We sealed the bargain and she got her share of necking. Not bad, either, if you ask me. I had to do my duty according to the Articles of War which call upon an officer to preserve his life and protect government property.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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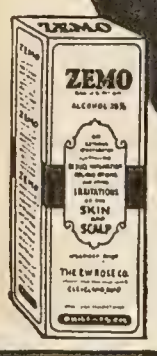

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[A SCAR OF BATTLE Continued from page sixty-seven]

The next morning, here came Zeb up from the valley. He called on me first thing.

"Hit's all right," he assured me. "I hert about ye in the valleh. And I know yer uny-form. I wuz in the army."

He took my chain off and led me out in the open. He could read and translated my orders for the others. They were satisfied that I was not a spy now and were deeply apologetic for my treatment. But they assured me that the revenooers beared watching. They did some dirty tricks when they got a chance. They'd even buy likker and then arrest you for selling it to them.

They agreed that the best thing to do was to blindfold me and take me down the mountain to civilization and turn me loose. I promised them two hundred dollars if they'd bring the motor down to the railroad and they said they would.

We all had a drink around and I asked if I could take some whisky back with me. Zeb was going to take a load down and they agreed to let me have a five-gallon can. I showed them how to get a hundred gallons of gas out of the tank and they said it was a good swap.

ABOUT that time the girl came out and I began to get uneasy. She asked a lot of questions and, finally, Zeb took out a newspaper he had and showed her my picture in it that some editor had found in his files from the races last year.

"What do hit say?" she asked.

"Hit says," he told her, "that Lootenant Morrow is lost in the mountains and a search will be made for him. His wife refuses to give up hope for him. I'll bet she'll be mighty glad ter know ye ain't dead, lootenant."

I had a sinking spell. The girl took one look at me and went into the cabin.

We all had another drink around and they carried the cans down to Zeb's car somewhere below. I got my flying stuff together and showed them how to get the motor out. The plane was hardly worth salvaging and certainly couldn't be carried out of those mountains.

We were all ready to go and I asked if I could tell the girl good-by, but she had gone off. They blindfolded me, and Zeb and I started off. He hadn't been in the army long enough to lose his respect for officers and took great pains with me.

IT was hard going for a while and I nearly broke my neck tripping over stones and gulleys. After an hour or so we reached a road and the walking was better, though still rough.

Zeb was ahead leading me by the hand when I heard the crack of a rifle in back of me and felt something sting me in the left shoulder. Zeb pulled me into a ditch and snatched off the blindfold.

"It's them dern revenooers," he told me. "Git ahind me while I take a shot at 'em."

But there was nobody to shoot at. Zeb got my coat off and found that I was shot through the shoulder. He got the bleeding stopped and, when nothing further developed, we worked our way on down the woods.

Fortunately, it wasn't far to his car and we found it undisturbed where he had hidden it. In two hours a doctor in a little mountain town was fixing me up and I caught a train that night for Cinci.

The boys at the field liked the whisky so much they've been trying to send me back for more. But I'll never fly over those mountains again. That girl is too good a shot. And I bet she shoots at every plane that flies over, too. Well, she hasn't got any kick coming. She didn't rescue me so she wasn't entitled to anything more than what she got.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 49

1—Jackson; Jefferson City; Helena.
2—Libretto.
3—A marten is a fur-bearing animal of the weasel kind; a martin is a species of swallow.
4—Lord Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892).
5—A uniformed policeman.
6—Nearsightedness.
7—Messieurs, the plural of monsieur.
8—The celebrated war horse of Alexander the Great.
9—A kind of glass cast in thick plates and flattened by heavy rollers.
10—Forty-eight.
11—Accomplished fact; a thing already done.
12—James W. Good.
13—In his hair (Judges xvi., 17).
14—The flag of the Confederate States of America.
15—The Bourse.
16—The change of one word or phrase into another by the transposition of its letters.
17—In Arlington National Cemetery.
18—Cleveland, Ohio, and Portland, Maine.
19—The gibbons, chimpanzees, orangutan, and gorilla.
20—It is magnetic.

The GAME of Games

A Baseball Battle that Almost Started a Civil War

By HUGH FULLERTON

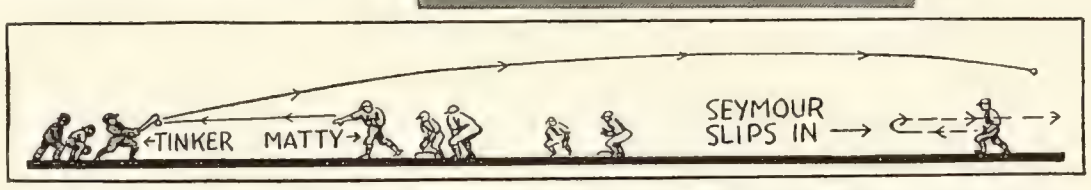
The Polo Grounds grand stand on October 8, 1908, when the Cubs won the pennant.

"Big Six" Christy Mathewson, Giant pitcher, and, at the left, Mordecai Brown, the Cubs' curve-ball hurler.

THERE was one time when baseball was akin to civil war between New York and Chicago and one game that stirred the whole nation. That was the game played at the Polo Grounds, New York, on October 8, 1908; a game that was more desperately fought, that spurred men to more bitterness and hatred and ended in more ill feeling, than any in the history of the sport.

The season had been one of fierce contest. Chicago's Cubs had slumped, then rallied when hope was almost dead—in fact, after part of the team had surrendered—and through fortunate breaks had battled New York to a tie.

The failure of Fred Merkle to touch second base in the decisive game of the final series in New York had created an unprecedented situation. The great majority of fans and officials, knowing that Merkle's blunder had cost the Giants a well deserved pennant, wanted them given the championship regardless of the rules. The officials had strained every point to try to award the pennant to the Giants. Once they had decided to do it despite the rules and the umpires, but fear of public opinion stopped them. Then, violating their own constitution, the National League directors, disfranchising enough directors to have a majority, voted that the tie must be decided in one game to be played at the Polo Grounds, instead of in a three-game series as provided by the constitution. They frankly admitted that playing three games New York had scarcely a chance, while in only one game Mathewson was almost sure to beat the Cubs.



How Seymour, disregarding Matty's signal, permitted Tinker's smash that started the Cubs' rally to go over his head.

The Cubs had been forced to make a record-breaking jump from Chicago to New York to play that one game. They found New York excited as it never had been before. They were threatened, abused, and cursed at every turn and they reached the Polo Grounds to find that orders had been issued to close the gates and nail them up as soon as each seat was filled—and shortly after noon the famous park under Coogan's Bluff was filled, the entrances, save one, nailed up, and squads of police guarded every approach and held back the huge crowds struggling to reach the park.

Then, just before they took the field for practice, several of the Cubs were told that the umpires had been bribed; that they had no chance to win; and they were advised to bet against themselves and save something.

Under those conditions, with the stands packed with a hostile and excited crowd, Chance's great crew took the field. The men were worked up to a pitch higher than at any time during their careers, suspicious of everyone, and especially of Bill Klem and Jim Johnstone, the umpires, who they had been told were planning to rob them. The umpires, too, had heard the story. Johnstone had been approached, and they were almost as much wrought up as the players were.

McGraw, of course, had chosen his great pitcher Mathewson, and Chance put the burden upon Jack Pfiester, a left-handed pitcher whose success against New York had been extraordinary. Pfiester's arm was bad—so bad that it was torture for him to move it, and agony for him to attempt to pitch a curve. He gritted his teeth and begged for the chance to work against the team he almost always beat and Chance, knowing the condition of Pfiester's arm, sent Mordecai Brown down to the bull pen to warm up and keep warmed up

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

ready for instant relief if Pfiester's arm gave way.

Trouble started with the game. Fred Tenney immediately pulled the famous old McGraw trick of puffing his shirt-front out and allowing the ball to touch it—and was awarded a base for being hit. The Cubs rushed the umpires demanding justice, and got nothing.

Herzog drew a pass, the Cubs kicking hard on two of the balls, and Chicago's chances seemed slender until Bresnahan struck out and Kling, dropping the third strike, purposely lured Herzog into rushing off first base, and caught him with a lightning throw down to Chance.

Mike Donlin, one of the best fighters and players of the time, caught one of Pfiester's fast balls and drove a hard liner over first base. The ball, curving, struck outside the foul line, but Johnstone, looking over the curve of the hill, saw the dust fly and called the hit fair. The Cubs, convinced that the story of robbery was true, rushed him and raged wildly while Chance benched Pfiester and sent Mordecai Brown, his great pitcher, to the slab. Brown, using his terrific curve, stopped the assault.

Brown Brothers photo

Frank Chance, the Peerless Leader of the great Chicago team.

Int. Newsreel photo

John McGraw, Giant chief, who swallowed a bitter pill in 1908.

There was a near riot in the second inning. Chance singled, and an instant later he dived back to first, his hand on the bag as Mathewson threw to Merkle. Klem waved him out and Chance, leaping to his feet, rushed at the arbitrator, storming and raving. On the bench the Cubs were wild, and Klem, evading Chance, whirled toward the bench and ordered Artie Hofman, who was not in the mix-up, out of the game. Hofman stopped at first base and for two minutes raged and raved at the umpire, but he was expelled, and Del Howard took his place in the line-up.

THE Cubs were desperate by that time, certain they were being pirated of the game and they fought at every turn. Not until the third could the Cubs get going. Tinker was leading off that inning and Tinker for two years had possessed the idea he could hit Mathewson's pitching. His confidence made him a great batter against the master of all pitchers, and as they faced each other Mathewson was worried. He turned and motioned to Cy Seymour to play further out. Instead of obeying, Seymour came slipping closer to the infield. As Mathewson pitched, Cy started forward just as Tinker drove the ball far over his head and sprinted around to third. Kling smashed the first ball pitched for a sharp single, tying the score, and Brown sacrificed.

There Mathewson went wrong. He feared Evers and, while working to avoid pitching a good ball to him, gave him a base on balls. Schulte smashed a hard double into left field; Chance drove a liner against the screen in right—and Chicago had four runs.

The desperate rally, combined with Brown's magnificent pitching, took some of the fight out of the Giants, but it served only to enrage the rabid crowd.

The scene in the stands was indescribable. Fights took place whenever a Chicago rooter dared emit a yell. In the press box the Baseball Writers' Association was being born. An actor had butted in and insisted upon sitting in my chair, refusing to leave, and was backed by the Giant officials. As a compromise he allowed me half of one chair and Tad Dorgan gave me half of his. Thus we tried to work while he, after each play, leaped on to chairs, grasped the screen, and screamed:

"If there is a God in heaven New York will win this game!"

We had four fights during the early part of the battle, but although his action caused the reporters to meet and form their association we became friends before the end—and during the most exciting part of the game—which came in the seventh inning.

Until then the Giants had not a chance to score against Brown. But in that seventh, while the crowd seethed and stormed, they made their final bid. Art Devlin singled and Moose McCormick ripped off a hit. When Al Bridwell drew a pass, filling the bases, the New York crowd went wild. Larry Doyle was rushed to bat for Mathewson, and swinging hard, squeezed an easy foul fly into the air.

KLING jogged back to catch the ball, and at that instant a man now prominent in New York sports stood up behind the press box and hurled a pop bottle at the Chicago catcher. The bottle whirled over and over, missed Kling's head a foot, and the maddened actor, turning toward the bottle thrower, screamed: "Just for that, by God, I hope Chicago wins"—proving himself a sportsman at heart—and we shook hands and were friends.

Tenney flied to Schulte, and one run scored. Herzog, trying desperately, hit a hard bounder down to Tinker, who fumbled, recovered, and by a brilliant throw to first retired the runner—and ended Chicago's peril.

For two more rounds the teams fought—but Mordecai Brown refused to give the Giants an opening, and Chicago won.

As the last batter was retired the Cubs raced for the shelter of their clubhouse. A Giant employee (who still is a Giant employee) ran into left field, threw open a gate, and waved to the maddened fans to come on. Usually those gates were kept closed until the players could leave the field.

This time the excited crowd swarmed through and cut off the retreat of some of the Cubs. Pfiester was knocked down, kicked, and beaten. Chance was struck on the throat and the cartilage of his Adam's apple broken. Half a dozen of the Cubs were roughly used before reaching the shelter of the clubhouse where they were besieged. The crowd outside in Eighth Avenue hurled bricks and smashed the windows. The crowd in the park rushed the doors and hurled stones and clubs.

The players, sheltered inside, were held there until the police could clear the grounds. Then they were let out one by one by various routes and left the park singly. Two of them were recognized and beaten up on the elevated train going downtown. The crowd swarmed to their hotel and threatened them, until they escaped by various entrances and scattered over town to meet at the train. And when their train pulled out at 8:30 that night to take them to start the World's Series, the railroad men guarded the car and ordered all shades drawn until they were out of the city.

THE BOX SCORE

CHICAGO

	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Sheckard, lf	0	0	4	0	0
Evers, 2b	1	1	0	3	0
Schulte, rf	1	1	4	0	0
Chance, 1b	0	3	13	0	0
Steinfeldt, 3b	0	1	0	3	0
Hofman, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Howard, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Tinker, ss	1	1	1	4	0
Kling, c	1	1	4	1	0
Pfiester, p	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, p	0	0	0	1	0
	4	8	27	12	0

NEW YORK

	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Tenney, 1b	1	1	9	0	1
Herzog, 2b	0	0	1	2	0
Bresnahan, c	0	1	10	1	0
Donlin, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Seymour, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Devlin, 3b	1	1	2	0	0
McCormick, lf	0	1	3	1	0
Bridwell, ss	0	0	0	1	0
Mathewson, p	0	0	0	4	0
Wiltse, p	0	0	0	0	0
Doyle*	0	0	0	0	0
	2	5	27	9	1

*Batted for Mathewson in seventh.

Two-base hits — Donlin, Schulte, Chance, Evers. Three-base hit—Tinker. Sacrifice hit—Brown. Left on bases—Chicago 3, New York 6. Double plays—Pfiester, Kling, and Chance; McCormick and Bresnahan. Struck out—by Mathewson 7, by Wiltse 2, by Pfiester 1, by Brown 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Pfiester, Tenney. Bases on balls—by Mathewson 1; by Pfiester 2; by Brown 1. Time—one hour 50 minutes. Umpires—Johnstone and Klem.

CHICAGO	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4
NEW YORK	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—2

More of Mr. Fullerton's baseball articles and comment on the game will appear from time to time in early issues of Liberty.

FOOL ERRANT

Love Seeks a Path Through Peril

in a New Episode of the Serial by

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

He struck a match, and by its light he and Loveday saw each other for the first time.

YOUNG Hugo Ross faced the risk of being branded a thief. For less than a week he had held a position at Meade House, out from London, as secretary to Ambrose Minstrel, the inventor.

Hugo had had a warning the night before he accepted this job. In a lane beyond Meade House he had bumped into a girl, but it was too dark to see her face. Breathlessly she told him she was running away. She didn't, she said, want to marry "James." She was going to London to hunt work, and live with a girl named Cissy.

Hugo told her he was going to try for a job with Minstrel. At that she cried out, "Oh, you mustn't!" Then her train came, and Loveday Leigh was gone!

The next day Hugo became Minstrel's secretary, and the mystery deepened. A "Mr. Rice" offered him fifty pounds for some very ordinary field glasses he had pawned. Later, a letter mysteriously referring to this offer, and the pawn ticket itself, were both stolen.

Loveday telephoned, set a time and place for a meeting in London, and when Hugo kept the appointment, expecting to have her warning explained, it was a rather tawdry girl, pretending to be Loveday, who met him. He thought she must be Cissy—Cissy, who knew Hacker, Minstrel's assistant—Cissy, wanting to flirt and explaining nothing.

Hugo laid the mystery before Mr. Benbow Smith, who was connected with the Foreign Office. Mr. Smith outlined a hypothetical case. Should Minstrel want to sell to some foreign power the valuable plans he was completing, public opinion would stand in the way. But what could be simpler than to pretend they were stolen and sold? And who a better scapegoat than Hugo? A pawn ticket would point to poverty, and a letter offering money would be straight evidence. It was all alarmingly clear to Hugo now, but he decided to see it through.

Mr. Smith asked him if he had met Minstrel's fascinating neighbor, Mme. de Lara. Hugo hadn't. More danger ahead, it seemed!

A code word, "Daisy," was agreed upon.

PART FIVE

HUGO had a stroke of luck that evening, unlooked for and quite undeserved. He was walking along a little street in Soho, when he saw Cissy. She was in a taxi, leaning forward and calling out of the window to the driver. He recognized her at once.

The taxi went on and turned the corner, and Hugo ran after it. He turned the corner too, and there was the taxi drawn up at the curb in front of a small restaurant. Miss Cissy was halfway across the pavement. She was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-one]

bareheaded and wore a thick dark coat with a fur collar. She disappeared into the restaurant, and Hugo followed her. He found her sitting at a little table in an alcove.

The room was very hot and full of the ghosts of dead meals. Cissy had slipped off her coat, and sat there in a very short, thin dress of a bright shade of petunia. She gave a jump when she saw Hugo, and said "Oh!" with a sort of gasp.

Hugo had wondered what he was going to say, but, to his surprise, he found it quite easy.

"I s-say, this is ripping! I saw you get out of your taxi, Miss Leigh."

"You didn't!" She had hold of the table edge, and her breath came quickly.

"I d-did—really. I s-say, this is ripping—isn't it?"

CISSY was recovering her self-possession.

"You quite frightened me."

"D-did I?"

"Yes, you *did*."

"I s-say, won't you dine with me?"

Cissy looked at him sideways.

"Did you think I'd come here by myself? *Reelly*, Mr. Hugo, I'm sure I don't know what you must think of me! No *indeed*—I'm meeting a friend, and I shall have to be dreadfully angry with him for being so late—and you mustn't stay talking to me, because he's ever so jealous, and if there is an awkward thing, it's a man being jealous of you in a restaurant."

Hugo wondered if the friend was Hacker.

"You must go—*reelly*, Mr. Hugo."

"But when am I going to s-see you again?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do you *reelly* want to see me?" Hugo got a very arch glance indeed.

"Of course I do."

It was at this point that Cissy remembered that she ought to have a bad cold. She had been speaking in her natural voice, rather high-pitched, rather bright; and then suddenly she remembered about the cold and began to cough.

Hugo wanted to laugh so badly that, like Mrs. Miles, he didn't know how he "kep'" himself.

"This horrible cold!" said Cissy. "Oh, Mr. Hugo, you reelly mustn't stay. You don't know what my friend's like—you wouldn't believe anyone could be so jealous."

Hugo had not the slightest desire to meet Hacker. He wondered whether Cissy would tell Hacker that she had met him. He wanted only one thing, and he wanted it very badly—he wanted Cissy's address. He looked eagerly at her.

"When can I see you? Give me your address, and I can write to you."

"Oh, I don't know."

"*Please*," said Hugo.

He was not playing a part; he had really forgotten everything except how much he wanted that address.

"If I give it you, you mustn't come and see me. It wouldn't do. You must promise you won't come and see me."

"I promise I won't come and see you."

"All right, then."

She scribbled on the menu card and tore off the written slip.

"Don't tell Jim Hacker, will you, Mr. Hugo?"

"Of course not."

She gave him a little push.

"Oh, *do* go! I don't want him to see you," she whispered.

That sounded genuine enough. Hugo went away wondering what he should say if he were to meet Hacker on the doorstep. He certainly didn't want to meet Hacker.

He walked briskly along for a hundred yards or so, and then looked at the address which Cissy had given him. It conveyed nothing to him. He walked on until he came to a tobacconist's, where he bought a box of matches and asked for information.

The girl behind the counter was very affable.

"Morrington Road? Why, that's up off the Bayswater Road. I've got an aunt lives up that way, and this Lexley Grove must be one of the small turnings out of it. Oh, not at all—only too pleased to be any help." This in response to Hugo's stammered thanks.

HE took a bus to the Bayswater Road, and then walked. He had a bit of thinking to do, because at every turn it seemed as if he had to find the one right thing amidst a hundred chances of doing the wrong one. He must see Loveday. But Hacker mustn't know that he had seen her. She must be warned; but if it were known that she had been warned, the value of the warning would be gone. He must know, and not appear to know.

If he went to the door and asked for Loveday, he ran the risk of Cissy finding out that he had called; and if Cissy knew that, she would also know that her pretense of being Loveday hadn't deceived him. He couldn't afford to take that risk; there was too much at stake. But he had to see Loveday.

Hugo decided to find the house and reconnoiter.

He found Lexley Grove at the less populated end of Morrington Road. It was a dark street with a row of tall houses on each side, the even numbers on the right. The number Cissy had given him was fifty. He started to

s-say, this is ripping! I saw get out of your taxi, Miss gh." She had hold of the e edge, and her breath came quickly.

count the houses, for it was much too dark to read any number, and many of the houses showed no light.

Hugo did not like the street; he did not like to think of Loveday living there. He had counted sixteen houses, when he saw that the row on the other side had been interrupted; some dozen or more houses were gone, and in their place a dim street lamp showed a hoarding and dark, gaunt scaffolding poles.

He counted on. At twenty a policeman passed him—at least he guessed it to be a policeman from the measured tread. He had reached the twenty-fourth house, when he heard steps coming from the opposite direction. Someone ran up the steps of number fifty and put a key in the latch. Hugo heard it grate, heard the door swing in and the man enter. He heard these things, but he didn't see anything; it was too dark to see; the opening door showed no light within.

All the way along the street Hugo had been wondering what he was going to do—thinking. Now he didn't think at all. He ran up the steps, pushed the door, and found it, as he knew he would find it, ajar. He came into a dark hall, and heard hurrying footsteps on the stair above him. The man who had entered must be very familiar with the house, for he was running up the stairs without a light.

Hugo felt his way forward. It was black dark, and it was a darkness that could be felt. The house gave out darkness. He groped, and his hands touched the balustrade, his foot struck the bottom step. He went up, moving quickly, quietly, listening for the steps that climbed above him. The man had left the door ajar—he had not waited to strike a light—he ran. These things meant great haste and the probability of as hasty a return.

Hugo turned a bend in the stair and, looking up, saw a narrow yellow beam of light high above him. Somewhere at the top of the house a door had opened. The hurrying steps had ceased. He heard voices.

He kept his hands on the banisters and went on up the stair. It was uncarpeted, and he had to take the greatest care to move quietly. He came on to the landing immediately under the half-open door from which the light still streamed; and as he stood there, the door was drawn to. But the murmur of voices still went on; he heard a woman say, "How long?" and he heard a man answer her, "Ten minutes will be safe. You're sure she's off? We don't want a row."

HUGO stood in the dark, and was afraid for Loveday.

The man spoke again; he had a foreign accent.

"Answer me—is she asleep?"

The woman answered him: "I don't know—I gave it to her."

"Then she's off—and so am I."

He came running down the stairs. Hugo slipped across the landing out of his way, and the man passed, hurrying down, down into the darkness. The front door banged, and overhead the woman gave a sort of gasp and began to sob. Hugo heard her whisper, "I can't—I can't," and then he heard her fumble at the handle. The light streamed out again.

He ran up a dozen steps and came on to a narrow landing. A door on the left was open about a foot. The light was within, and he saw the woman's shoulder and arm against it. She turned with another gasp.

"Why have you come back? They haven't come—already? Oh, don't—*don't!*"

Hugo had his hand on her arm. It was very thin. She clutched at him with a hot, dry hand.

"Don't let them come! Don't—who—who are you? I thought—" The terrified whisper died in her throat.

"Where's Loveday? Is she here?"

"Who are you?" She was trembling violently.

"I'm Loveday's friend. What's happening?"

Her hand tightened on his.

"They're going to take her away."

"Who?" He felt her tremble. "Where?"

She spoke in a dry whisper:

"They're going to take her away. If you're her friend, why didn't you come before? They'll take her away and get her on board the ship, and no one will ever see her again. And she looks like Min!"

Hugo shook the arm he held.

"Where is she? I've come to take her away."

"You can't—they're watching the house. They'll wait till the policeman's out of the street, and then they'll come. She knows too much."

"Where is she? Quick!"

He was remembering that the policeman had passed him just as he reached the house.

"In there." She pointed across the landing.

"Is she drugged? What have you given her? I heard—"

She wrenched her arm away, sobbing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-three]

"I couldn't do it. She looked like Min. He said, 'Put it in her coffee.' And Cissy went out, and I gave her the coffee—but I threw the stuff away—I thought I'd give her a chance—Min didn't have any chance."

Afterward he wondered who Min might have been. He had no time to wonder now; whilst she was gasping out her broken sentences he was across the landing trying the other door. It was locked.

"Who's got the key?"

"I've got it—but—"

"Give it to me!" He ran back and took her by the arm again. "Quick! Give it to me! Is there a back way out?"

"Yes—but they'll kill me."

"Come too!"

He had the key and was half across the landing, when they both heard the front door open; there was a sound of feet, a sound of voices.

"It's too late." It was the most agonized thread of a whisper.

Hugo turned the key in the door, and as it turned he felt the woman snatch at it.

"He'll kill me!"

The steps and the voices were coming up. There was a flashing light below. Hugo wrenched open the door and stumbled into utter darkness. For a moment he lost his balance. And in that moment the door was shut and locked behind him. The jerk with which he recovered his balance and the click of the turning key came together.

He called into the darkness:

"Loveday! Loveday! Loveday!" And then, on the same low urgent note, "Loveday, it's Hugo Ross. Are you there?"

Ahead of him a door was pulled open.

"Loveday, are you there? It's Hugo Ross."

The door opened wide. The room was dark, but the windows showed the sky—a black sky, but not so black as the blackness of the house—and through the open window half a gale blew in, not cold, but wet with the breath of rain.

With the opening of the door and the blowing of the wind there came Loveday's voice—the voice that he remembered in the lane: "I'm frightened. Where are you? I'm frightened."

HE said, "Loveday!" and she ran to him with a quick, light rush as if the wind were blowing her. He felt her touch him, and it was like being caught in a soft flurry of snow, her touch was so light and so cold. He put his arm about her, ran to the inner room, and shut the door upon them both.

"They're coming. Is there anything we can jam up against the door?"

"The chest of drawers."

"Where?"

"Here."

He barked his shins against it. They pushed and pulled. It was heavy. They got it to the door.

"I'm frightened!" said Loveday, panting. "What is it? Who's coming? Cissy—"

He cut her short:

"The window! What's outside?"

"A bit of roof. We can't—"

"We *must*." There was an urgency beyond his safety or hers—the bigger game—the game he had set himself to play—the game that would be lost if he were found here.

Hugo was at the window, leaning out, staring, straining to see. After the darkness of the house the night outside seemed clear. It was a black night, but the air was clear instead of dense; things could be seen, if only as strange, formless shadows.

The window was in the side of the house. Hugo looked down on the roofs of other houses a story lower. If one hung by one's hands, there would be a six-foot drop. Too much for Loveday. But he could let her down. He called her.

"Quick! I must let you down." And then, as he still stared over the drop, he discovered that it was not sheer. The wall went down four feet or so, and then a piece of roof slanted to meet the roof of the lower house.

Loveday was climbing out on to the sill, and as she turned to face him and he caught her wrists, they both heard a woman's scream. It came through the two closed doors, and terror came with it. Loveday gasped and swung down from the sill. Hugo leaned over, taking her weight until her feet were on the slanting roof and he caught a whispered "All right." He let go with a horrible feeling at his heart.

Loveday slid into the gutter between the houses, and as he climbed through the window he heard the outer door open.

He let himself down and dropped slithering on wet slate that slipped away from his clutching fingers. He went down four or five feet and fetched up sprawling in the gutter. His hands were out in front of him.

He lay along the gutter and looked down—a most horrible long way down. His hands were over the edge, his head was over the edge. He looked down, and saw the street below him. He could see two faint lamps a long way apart, and, immediately beneath him, the lights of a taxi.

LOVEDAY touched him and he drew back his hands and scrambled up. She pressed against him and said, "Hugo!" and laughed—the least little ghost of a laugh. And then, through the open window, there came a banging sound and the grate of the heavy chest of drawers which they had rammed against the door. He felt her shiver. And then they were climbing a low parapet on to the roof of the next house.

There were four of these lower houses, each divided from the next by a parapet. Looking back over his shoulder, Hugo could see the house they had left rising in a black mass. Voices came from it, and a light flashed at the window. In front of them there was a narrow gangway from which the roof rose slanting on either side. These four houses had been built with lofts to front and rear. The gangway ran between the lofts. Faint oblongs of windows showed here and there against the slate, and the chimneys stuck up like masts.

He held Loveday, and they ran. The loft windows were all empty, all dark. They climbed three more parapets, and then the low roofs ended. The next house was tall; it rose in their path and blocked the way. They stopped running, holding one another and listening. How far would they be followed? Would they be followed at all?

Someone slipped on the next roof—slipped and swore. Loveday pressed close to Hugo in the dark. The side of the house rose up before them with its slant of slated roof, slippery and unclimbable; behind them, footsteps and gruff murmuring voices, but, thank heaven, no light. And then all of a sudden there was a light; not where the voices and the footsteps were, but overhead in a window like the window out of which they had climbed. Someone had lighted the gas in the room just above them, and through the open window came the sound of a man singing in a lusty bass:

"The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah! Hurrah!"

He paused, struck a match and sucked at a pipe, puffed, and went on:

"The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.
They *all—went—into* the ark
For to get out of the *rain*."

"Don't let them come! Don't —who—who are you?"

Hugo felt Loveday tremble. She stood close to him, very close, and they heard the silence. Everything seemed to be holding its breath out here, but overhead, in the lighted room, the man broke again into song:

"The animals went in three by three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went in three by three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went in three by three,
The hippopotamus and the flea.
They *all—went—into* the ark
For to get out of the *rain*."

Loveday put her lips so close to Hugo's ear that the soft breath tickled him. The soft breath said, "I don't sing it to that tune—I sing One More River to Cross for the chorus."

Hugo slipped his hand up and covered the whispering lips. He was afraid to say "Hush" because of the silence. They stood very close together. He felt her lips move against the palm of his hand. And then the silence broke; from the next roof came the sound of feet, moving, slipping, going away.

Hugo watched the other window, the window of number fifty. It was dark. He watched it until a light sprang up in the room behind it. Figures moved to and fro against the light; one of them was a woman. He wondered if Cissy had come back—he thought it was Cissy. Then someone came to the window and shut it, and a hand pulled down the blind.

Hugo felt Loveday's hand on his arm.

"I'm bursting to know what it's all about. I don't know anything. Why are we running away?"

"S-sh!" said Hugo.

"They've gone away."

"I'm not sure. They'd want us to think so."

"D'you mean that someone's *lurking?* How *horrid!*"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. They meant to carry you off—they had a taxi."

She pressed up against him.

"Why?"

"I don't know. Look here, Loveday, we've got to try and get out of this."

The little laugh tickled his ear.

"How?"

"I don't know."

"WE really want a parachute, or an aëroplane, or—Hugo"—she pinched him—"we might get through one of those little windows, the funny little slopy ones in the roof—we might do that."

"They'll be shut."

"One of them is nearly always open—I see it from my window. It's open first thing in the morning, and it's open at sunset, and I believe it stays open all night except when there's a frost. They keep plants there, and they put them out on the roof when it rains—I've often watched them."

"Which roof is it?"

"The next, I think." She tugged at his arm. "Do come and see."

It would not be very dangerous to venture on to the next roof.

They climbed over the parapet, and then stood waiting, listening in a breathless hush for a sound that did not come. There was no sound.

They crept between the sloping roofs to where one of the oblongs of window showed against the slate. It was propped open a couple of inches.

There was the taxi. Miss Cissy was halfway across the pavement.

Hugo knelt, slipped his hand through the gap, found and loosened the metal stay, and lifted the window. There was a space big enough to climb through; but so dark—if you stepped on pots, they would make all the noise in the world.

He let himself down very gingerly indeed. Down was only about three feet, and there were no pots where his feet landed. He felt with his hands, found the space beneath the window clear, and whispered to Loveday. She slid down, gave a little gasp of surprise when she found the floor so near. And then on the top of that sound there was another. Someone moved on the roof over there by the parapet. Someone—

Hugo pulled the window down noiselessly, using his own hand as a pad. He slipped his fingers out, found the bolt, and slid it home. They crouched below the window and heard a slow, slow foot go by. Loveday pinched him so hard that he very nearly cried out.

THE step went by, and suddenly from beneath them there arose a sound of splashing. They crouched motionless. The splashing went on. Hugo strained to listen for the step, and after a long, slow time it came again and passed them by and was gone. From the bathroom below came the sound of the bath running out; someone moved to and fro; the water gurgled noisily. Presently it stopped gurgling. The door shut with a bang.

Loveday drew a long breath. Then she shook the arm that she had pinched.

"*Now* we can talk! I'm bursting—simply *bursting*."

Hugo was feeling his way. Twice his hand touched pots—finally a packing case. He wanted to get away from the skylight, and he, too, wanted to talk. He felt as if he had come a long way to talk to Loveday.

He said, "Here," and she fetched up beside him with a whispered: "Now—Hugo, tell me—quick—why are we running away?"

"I don't quite know. I had to get you away. Who's the woman in the room opposite yours?"

"She's a friend of Cissy's. I don't like her husband very much."

"She had been told to drug you."

"Oh!" Loveday gave a gasp and came closer. "How horrid! She brought me some coffee—I thought she was *kind*. I *drank* it."

He felt her shiver, and put his arm round her as they sat there leaning against the packing case. It seemed quite natural to put his arm round Loveday.

"It's all right. I say, don't be frightened—she didn't do it—she said she couldn't—she said she wanted to give you a chance. And she opened the door and let me in."

He felt her tremble and relax.

"How did you get there? Tell me—tell me from the beginning."

"But I want *you* to tell me things. You said you had things to tell me."

"Oh yes, I have. But you must begin. We can't escape out of here until everyone is asleep in the house—can we? So begin right at the very beginning and tell me."

He wondered what he should tell Loveday and where he should begin.

"Oh, you're wasting time!" said the soft whispering voice. "Do begin!"

Hugo went back to Meade House.

"There's such a lot of it. But—you remember you telephoned to me."

"Yes, I did, and—"

"Something happened — someone interrupted you, didn't they? Was it Cissy?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here is the New 70-30

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Allen-A Underwear

FOR MEN AND BOYS

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-five]

"Yes, it *was*. But I don't see how you knew. It was in a shop. It was the only chance I ever got. She was trying things on. And then she came in and pulled the receiver out of my hand and she was frightfully angry. And afterward she cried and said I'd get her into dreadful trouble if I met you. And she said you were just leaving Meade House anyhow—she knew all about it because of Mr. Hacker being a friend of hers—so I promised I wouldn't."

"She was telling you lies. I'm not leaving. I'm up in town because Minstrel's away and doesn't want me. And—I kept that appointment, Loveday."

"Oh—did you wait *long?*"

"No," said Hugo dryly, "I didn't wait long. Miss Cissy met me and pretended to be you."

"Oh, she *didn't!*"

"Oh, she *did*. She's got a nerve. She pretended she'd got a bad cold, and she actually thought I was mug enough to believe she was you."

"Go on," said Loveday. She pressed up against him like an eager child. "Go on. Tell me how you got here—tell me everything."

He did not tell her everything; but he told her how he had met Cissy that evening, and how he had come to the house and found it dark, and how he had followed a man he did not know up the unlighted stair.

"Now it's your turn," he said. "Tell me why I wasn't to go to Meade House. You said it three times, and I want to know why you said it."

She said, "Three times, did I?"

"Yes, you did—in the lane, and from the carriage window, and in your letter. *Now* I want to know why."

She drew away a little.

"I'll tell you. I've wanted to tell you frightfully badly. It was just before I met you in the lane—I told you about running away so as not to wake up and find I was married to James, or anything like that. I did tell you that."

"Yes."

"WELL, I ran away. And I just missed the train I wanted to catch, and there I was with hours to wait. So I just put my bag in the hedge, and I began to walk up and down. And then there was a horrible beery tramp. And he was between me and the station, so I had to run the other way. And when I got to Meade House I ran inside the gate because it felt safer. And then I heard people coming, and I crouched right down behind a hedge. And there were two men, and they were talking."

"Yes—go on."

"They came from the direction of the house, and they were talking about a secretary who had gone, and they said he was a good riddance—they said he knew too much. And I thought that was funny, because I should think you'd want your secretary to know things. They stood there just inside the gate, and they talked. And this is the bit about you. One of them said, 'Manning's boy sounds just what we want—no relations, no connections.' And the other one laughed, and *he* said, 'He sounds almost too good to be true—the disinherited nephew touch is a real stroke of genius.' And then they walked a little way and came back. And when they came back, the one who laughed was saying, 'He'll be as easy as mud. Everyone'll believe he took them. There'll be no one to kick up a fuss.' Then they walked a little way again, and when they came back one of them said, 'Well, he'll be for it'; and the other said, 'Poor devil!' And then they went right away. That's what I heard."

"I see," said Hugo. He spoke slowly. "They knew I was coming—it was all a plant. Manning—no, I swear Manning's straight—he didn't know—I swear he didn't know—he thought he was doing me a good turn—but it was all a plant from the beginning!" He gave a low, sudden laugh. "I say, they do think me a mug—a prize, first-class mug! It's not flattering, because I suppose I must look like one."

Loveday laughed too, just in a whisper.

"I don't know what you look like. Isn't that *funny?* I haven't seen you, and you haven't seen me, and—why didn't you think Cissy was me?"

"I'm not such a mug as I look," said Hugo.

Loveday laughed again. "I want to see you. It's so silly not to know what you look like."

"G-guess!" said Hugo. His stammer had returned suddenly but he did not feel embarrassed by it. He felt an eager excitement.

"Guessing's silly. I want to see you. Haven't you got a match? Do you think that horrid lurking man would find us if you struck a match?"

"He m-might."

"I don't believe he would—I believe he's gone away. Besides, if he tried to get in here, I could scream, and the people in the house would come and help us."

"No, you mustn't. Nobody must see me—nobody must know that I've been here, or that I know anything."

"Why?"

"Because they've got to go on thinking I'm a mug. I can't tell you any more than that. I've got to go on at Meade House."

She came quite close. "Well, *I* may see you. Do strike a match—I do want to see you so badly."

"I want to s-see you, Loveday."

Hugo liked saying her name. It was a very easy name to say; it said itself when he thought about her.

Loveday drew back. "I'm all on end like a hedgehog, and I expect my face is all slaty—my hands are, and I'm sure it's got on to my nose—things do."

HUGO took out of his pocket the matches which he had bought from the friendly damsel in the tobacconist's. It seemed a long time ago. He struck a match, held it up, and by its light he and Loveday saw each other for the first time.

They both saw the match, with its yellow light rising up into a pointed tongue of flame, and they both saw Hugo's hand holding it. Loveday saw Hugo's face, very eager and earnest, his fair hair all ruffled, his eyes very blue and intent.

Hugo saw brown short hair, pushed back, wide-set eyes which he thought were gray, a soft little nose, and a wide mouth that trembled and laughed. There was a smudge on her chin and another high up on her left cheek. Under the smudges the chin was very white and the cheek was rather pale.

Each saw the other, and then both of them saw the same thing happen, because at one and the same moment the color ran up to the roots of the fair hair and the brown. Loveday blushed, and Hugo blushed; each saw the scarlet color rise and felt it burn.

The match dropped because Hugo's finger burned too. The flame touched it. The match dropped.

Loveday gave a little gasp. They drew away, and were glad of the darkness.

For the moment, Hugo and Loveday are safe. But can they escape from the house? What dangers does the future hold for them? Follow them next week, and see.

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Observant Infant

Eloise, with eyes sparkling, came in to show her new coat and shoes to Donna and Ross. Ross looked up at his mother, saying: "Eleese got new eyes, too, mother?"—Mrs. A. R. Baumgardner, 3407 Floyd Ave., Sioux City, Ia.

* * *

And That Settled That

Herbert, home from college, was expressing his disappointment over his unsuccessful attempt to raise a mustache at nineteen.

He was subtly seeking the family's advice as to whether or not to shave it off, when his sister Helen, aged four, naïvely exclaimed:

"Leave it on, Herbie; nobody can see it anyway."—Joseph Pischkittel, 58 Harrison Place, Irvington, N. J.

Their fleeting business years...

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Steady Chic

By Bettina Bedwell

Lelong's new silhouette with long blouse and flared skirt and coat.

This Molyneux navy wool crêpe is worn with a woolen coat.

Paris.

PARIS fashions are, by this time, all set. And what a lot of different styles there are! What shall we pick out of this array to be our own personal aids throughout the summer? Some women who are loath to change what they believe suits their type are sticking to the short-skirt, straight-coat, adolescent kind of thing. That's all right. Do it if you want to. But don't forget that variety is the spice of life and of lines too. You can have a steady chic which will last you with honors throughout the summer, and which at the same time will have those very desirable things—newness, charm.

Paris fashions that are fresh and novel combine two very significant things. They are skirts with hems that go down and out, and coats that rise accordingly. A dress with a skirt flared low and falling well below the knees, and a coat which is at least short enough to show this flare, give a silhouette that looks strikingly novel when side by side with a straight-line, knee-length dress and coat. There are hundreds of variations of this newer silhouette, so that even the most difficult type can be becomingly clad therein. Women in Paris who are as famous for being well dressed as a Hollywood beauty is for her screen charm, are adopting this clothes line. It's good now, and going to be better. Steady? Uh-huh.

Suppose you must, for any reason whatsoever, keep your wardrobe to a minimum and your chic above par, some variation of this silhouette, which is illustrated on this page, is a sure winner. But, my dear, be careful of your color and fabric scheme. In this matter the smartest of smart Paris is going to aid you. The two best colors in Paris this summer are black and navy blue. The best and surest color combinations are black and white and navy and white. Safe, sane, *and* chic! Dull silken crêpes, rich and heavy, are smart fabrics; feathery, lacy woolens are others; and taffetas, failles, and moirés are still others. Of course there will be chiffons, but georgette is as good, and more reliable. The greatest Paris couturiers, the smartest Parisiennes, indorse these lines, colors, and fabrics.

A Suzanne Talbot ensemble in black and white that has a smart quaintness.

Down, out, and backward describes this Lelong frock of crêpe marocain.

Consider our second sketch, illustrating a Molyneux ensemble that unites the trinity mentioned above. There is a frock of navy blue sheer wool crêpe (georgette would also be effective). The lines of this dress are very straight to a point below the hipline, which is snugly fitted, and the blouse falls snug and flat over a narrow belt at the real waistline. The skirt is box-plaited and at the same time a little bit circular, so it flares at the hem. There are patch pockets, box-plaited and pouchy. The gilet of white georgette is plaited and buttoned with crystal buttons. It is bordered with a narrow turnover fold of wool crêpe, with a big wool crêpe bow at the bottom. The very, very short jacket flares a bit, has the tiniest revers and collar, and is made of porous navy wool jersey.

OUR first sketch shows a Lucien Lelong ensemble with another version of the new silhouette. This dress is made of black silk crêpe marocain. No smarter ensemble has come out of Paris this season. The dress has a very long tunic blouse with a slight flare below the hipline, a narrow belt, and a scarf collar. The skirt flares in a circular movement from the knees, and the coat doesn't quite reach this level. It has a small ermine collar and petaled panels under the arms.

The figure on the extreme right illustrates a Lelong frock in the same crêpe, with the dress silhouette strikingly demonstrated. The band on the blouse droops and is ruffled at the back, while the circular ruffle low on the skirt repeats this movement, more accentuated.

Here is newness and charm combined with a very steady chic.

Our largest sketch is a drawing of a Suzanne Talbot summer ensemble in black and black-and-white taffeta, with conservatism and straight lines forgotten.

Here is the quaint movement that is strikingly evident in Paris fashions, and getting stronger.

The wrap is a brief circular cape of taffeta. The dress has a three-quarter, draped, panniered tunic of plaid, and all you can see of the skirt proper is the narrow box-plaited ruffle.

Decorating the CAKE

By ETHEL SOMERS

In boiled icings, the important thing is to insure solution of the sugar.

The cook who essays French pastries with their intriguing decorations will find her homemade jams useful.

THE whole secret in obtaining a smooth, creamy frosting lies in completely dissolving the sugar crystals at the start and then in preventing graining or crystallizing by very carefully handling and cooking the solution.

Dissolve every crystal of sugar before the mixture even starts to boil and if possible before the solution is put on the fire. A single undissolved crystal may start crystallization to the extent that the icing is extremely grainy when finished. To rid the frosting of such hazards, wash off or steam down all crystals that may have collected on the sides of the pan.

Remove from the fire as soon as the temperature reading on the sugar thermometer indicates the proper concentration of sugar in solution. The boiling temperature increases as the water evaporates. Overcooking boils the syrup down until there is too much sugar in solution in proportion to the water. Frosting thus overcooked is crumbly and dry. Undercooking leaves too much water in solution in proportion to the sugar—the result being a syrupy frosting which will not stiffen enough to remain on the cake. Beating and stirring tend to promote stiffening.

If the syrup has been cooked to the exact stage or temperature and still the result is either too stiff or too thin, the difficulty then lies in the beating.

White Mountain Frosting

¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cream of tartar or
1 teaspoon vinegar
½ cup water
1 egg white
A few grains salt
½ teaspoon flavoring

Chocolate Frosting

1½ cups sugar, white or brown
1/10 teaspoon cream of tartar or
½ tablespoon vinegar
¾ cup water
2 ounces chocolate or ½ cup cocoa
2 egg whites
A few grains salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

The cocoa or cut-up melted chocolate should be added either to the syrup as it starts to boil or to the thickened frosting.

Maple Frosting

1½ cups brown sugar and ¾ cup water; or
2 cups maple syrup
2 egg whites
A few grains salt
¼ teaspoon mapleine flavoring, if desired, or
½ teaspoon vanilla if maple syrup is used

Caramel Frosting

¾ cup white sugar
¾ cup sugar caramelized
¾ cup hot water
2 egg whites
1/10 teaspoon cream of tartar, or
½ teaspoon vinegar
A few grains salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Place the sugar to be caramelized in a heavy-bottomed saucepan. Place over a medium flame and with the back of a spoon rub the sugar against the bottom of the pan. At first the sugar will collect in lumps, which will seem to get harder and harder—after which they will melt into a light tan syrup known as caramel syrup. As soon as melted and before the syrup has a chance to scorch, add the hot water, sugar, and cream of tartar, proceeding as for boiled frosting.

MIX the sugar, water, and cream of tartar (or vinegar, if used). Stir until all the sugar granules are dissolved. Do not stir after the mixture starts to boil. Cover tightly for the first five minutes of boiling to steam off any crystals of sugar that may have adhered to the side of the pan. Uncover and boil gently to 238° F., when the syrup will form a soft ball if dropped in cold water or will spin a three-inch thread at about the third drop as it drips from the tines of a fork. Brown-sugar frostings should be cooked to 240° F.

Remove from the fire and let stand until the mixture stops boiling. Add the salt to the egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry. Pour the caramel syrup gradually into the beaten egg whites, beating continuously. The syrup should be added so slowly that the frosting is never thinned, but rather remains thick and fluffy at all times. Continue beating after all the syrup has been added until the mixture stiffens. Add flavoring and spread on cooled cake.

Even though beating fails to produce the desired thickness, the frosting may not be a final failure.

If the frosting is too thick or hardens too fast, add a few drops of *hot* water and beat it in quickly. If you are too slow in adding these few drops of hot water and the frosting solidifies, add one-half cup of boiling water and set the bowl containing the icing over hot water. Continue the beating until the mixture thickens to the right consistency to remain on the cake.

If the frosting is too thin, set the kettle over boiling water and continue the beating while cooking until the frosting thickens enough to remain on the cake.

In putting layer cakes together with soft fillings the cake often shows a tendency to slide. This may be remedied by letting the frosting become set before putting the layers together or by inserting two steel skewers through the cake near opposite edges. Remove when the icing has become set.

Chocolate-Coated Frosting

SWEET or bitter melted chocolate spread over boiled frosting after it becomes set produces a pleasing effect. For example, boiled frosting flavored with essence of peppermint and coated with melted bitter chocolate.

SOMETIMES, just for want of the proper icing, the cake is lost. Therefore this week Ethel Somers delves into the secrets of fine frostings. For a variety of icings not found here, see the three LIBERTY cookbooks. The price of each handy little book is 10 cents; you may have all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon herewith.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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City.....State.....

4-27-29

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for April 1, 1929.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Executive Editor, Sheppard Butler, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; General Manager, M. Annenberg, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

LIBERTY WEEKLY, INC.—Stockholders: The Tribune Company, Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Stockholders of The Tribune Company: Estate of Joseph Medill, Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill. Alfred Cowles, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles, Harriet C. Cowles and Harriet Cowles, Trustees, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Alfred Crowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles and Philip B. Stewart, Trustees, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Sarah Frances Cowles Stewart, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Martha Root White, 115 East 55th St., New York, N. Y. Amelia Elizabeth White, 115 East 55th St., New York, N. Y. Abby White Howells, 430 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Wm. Bross Lloyd, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Wm. Bross Lloyd, Trustee, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Henry D. Lloyd, 479 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Demarest Lloyd, 1825 R St., Washington, D. C. Wm. Bross Lloyd, Henry D. Lloyd, John Bross Lloyd, Trustees, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. The beneficiaries of the Estate of Joseph Medill are his two daughters, Elinor Medill Patterson and Katharine Medill McCormick. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles, Harriet C. Cowles and Harriet Cowles, Trustees for Wm. H. Cowles, Cheney Cowles and Harriet Cowles. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles and Philip B. Stewart, Trustees for John Wolcott Stewart and Philip B. Stewart, Wm. Bross Lloyd, Trustee for Madge Bird Lloyd, Wm. Bross Lloyd, Henry D. Lloyd and John Bross Lloyd, Trustees for John Bross Lloyd.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1929.

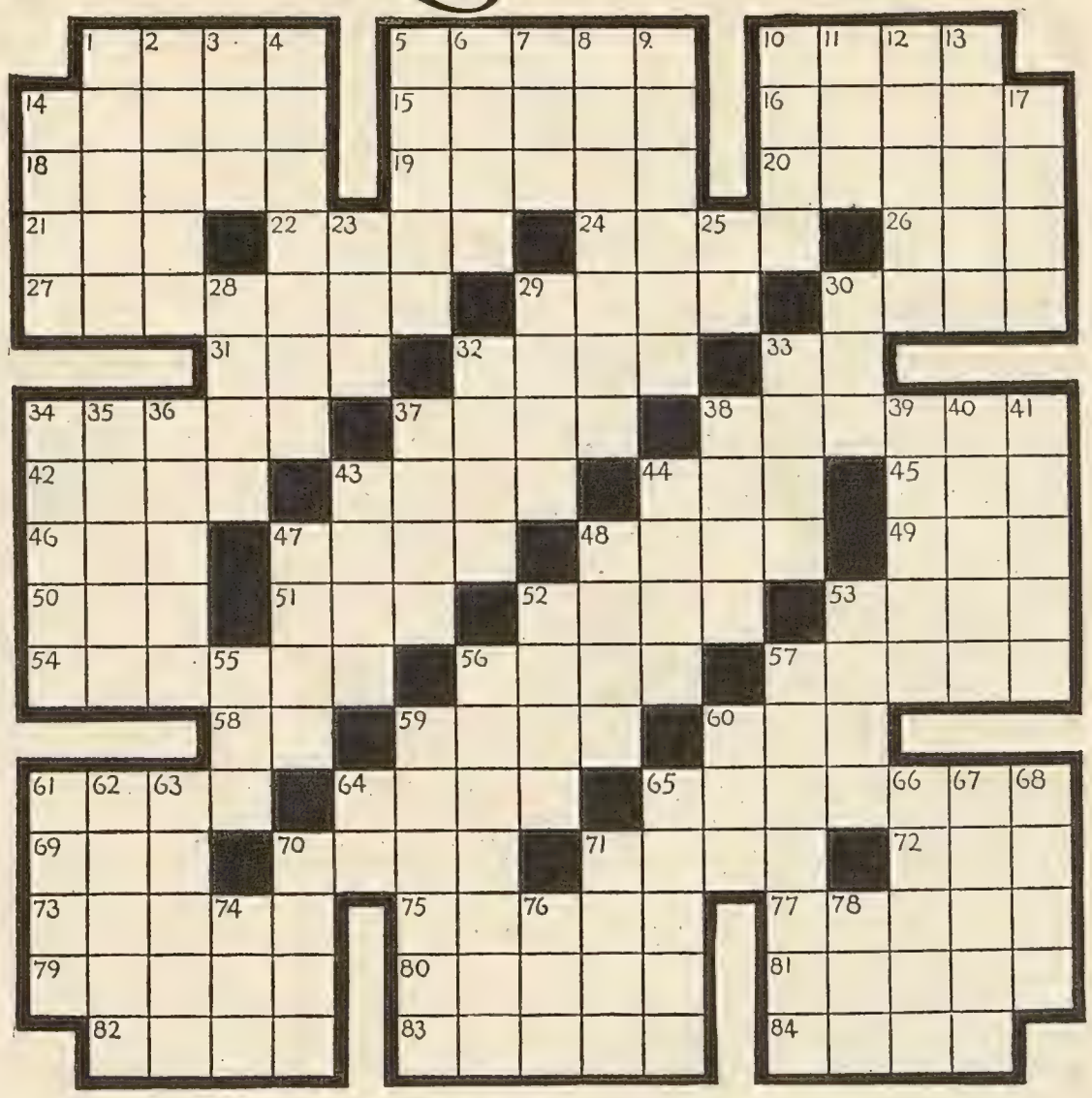
(Seal) THOMAS J. McGUIRE.

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 82, Reg. No. 189.
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 284. Reg. No. 0-198.

Commission expires March 30th, 1930.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

Two New Puzzles:

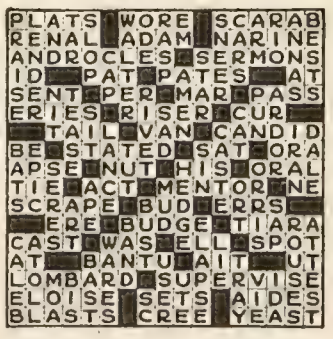


HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of snail
5 Tobacco roll (variant)
10 Couple
14 Elected
15 Commerce
16 Furnished with ear-like appendages
18 Organ of the body
19 Makes comfortable
20 Arrange in order
21 Form of to be
22 A planet
24 Pinches
26 Japanese measure
27 Cotton fabric
29 Theater box
30 Confined
31 Woman's name
32 Ineffectual
33 Chinese weight
34 Careful
37 South African mining district
38 Kind of sweet pea (plural)
42 Suffer deprivation
43 A file
44 Rude dwelling
45 Obscure
46 A silkworm
47 Character of sound
48 Location
49 Anger
50 Augment
51 Devour
52 Completed
53 Roman garment
54 Emitted vapor
56 Frigid
57 Pander to
58 Preposition
59 Sheltered inlet
60 Stray
61 Grass plot
64 Title
65 Molasses
69 A beverage
70 Coal dust
71 District
72 Row
73 Declare
75 Allow to remain
77 Mountain lakes
79 Harbor
80 A commissioner
81 Make into a law
82 A tear
83 Boils
84 Vale

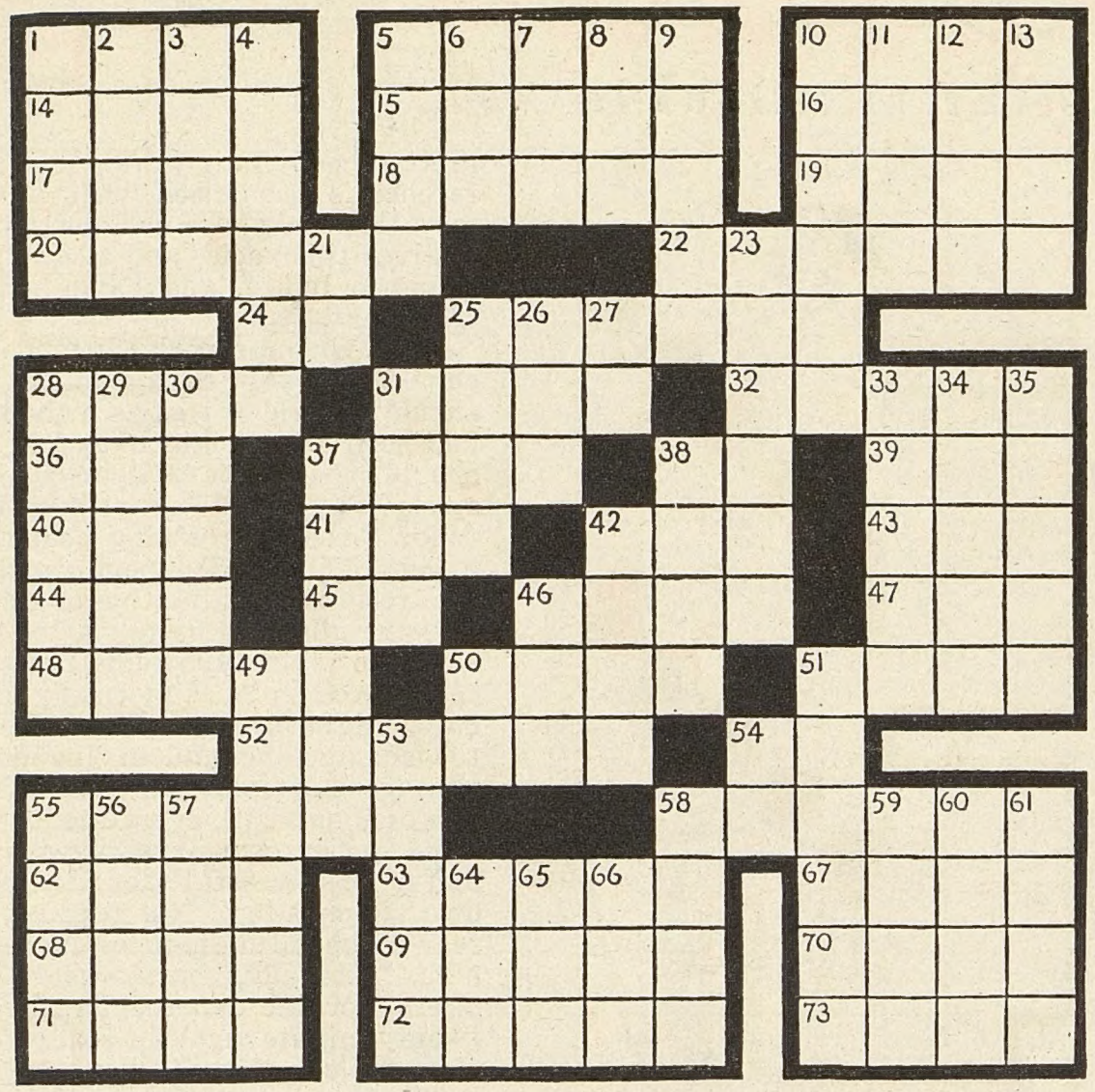
VERTICAL

1 English territorial division
2 Sweetheart
3 Custom
4 European republic
5 Cubic meter
6 Periods
7 Fuel
8 Like a gland
9 Relinquish
10 Pins
11 River in Switzerland
12 Ill-tempered
13 A fortification
14 Peal of thunder
17 Dinge
23 Winglike process
25 Hebrew letter
28 Heal
29 Lean
30 Disease of fowls
32 Propeller blade
33 Stringed instrument
34 Unconfused
35 A crowd
36 Off the main track or way
37 Rave
38 Sharp; shrewd
39 Imbecile
40 Funeral song
41 Daub
43 Highway
44 Posterior
47 Suffix denoting addition of ten
48 A fish
52 Plunged
53 Ancient seat of Irish monarchs
55 Relations
56 Note or observation
57 Made
59 Former president of Mexico
60 Sooner than
61 To whip
62 Place of sacrifice
63 Interlace
64 Letter of the Greek alphabet
65 Playing card (plural)
66 Shade of red
67 Surgeon's instrument
68 Formerly
70 A coin
71 Declare
74 Cardinal number
76 Hail
78 Collection of facts



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

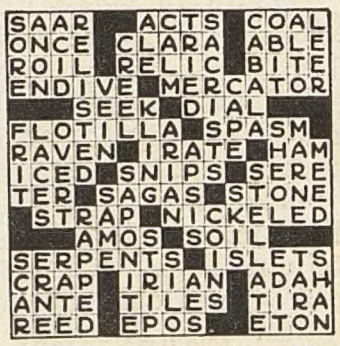


HORIZONTAL

1 An East Indian nurse
5 Sound made by withdrawing a cork from a bottle
10 Transferred for a consideration
14 A Mohammedan of the Philippines
15 Nymph of the Mohammedan paradise
16 A city in Kansas
17 Covering of some seeds
18 To become compliant
19 A social group
20 Christian Science practitioner
22 Principles of any body of facts
24 A preposition
25 Fretted, as cloth
28 Irish dramatist and critic
31 Loathsome
32 Disordered; untidy
36 Label
37 Hard central portion in fruits
38 Note of the diatonic scale
39 Bond
40 Turkish commander
41 A sea bird
42 Stroke of success
43 Note in Guido's scale
44 Hebrew letter
45 Symbol for an element
46 Knife of the machete kind
47 Etruscan title
48 Upstanding
50 Woman's nickname
51 Hodgepodge
52 Serious discourse
54 Cribbage term
55 Officer who attests or certifies
58 Cloudlike mass (astronomy)
62 Norse deity
63 Extravagant; bizarre
67 Crop
68 Protective ditch
69 Beach (Spanish)
70 An eternity
71 Greek deity
72 Smoldering coal
73 A thrust (fencing)

VERTICAL

1 Oriental female servant
2 Time long past
3 Melody
4 Unfilled space
5 Burn to a cinder
6 Apparatus for measuring a ship's speed
7 Pronoun
8 Metal-bearing mass
9 Devoutness
10 Withdraw
11 A flat plinth (architecture)
12 Perverter of truth
13 Gainsay
21 Printer's measure
23 Combining form: blood
25 Branch of a stream or road
26 Regret
27 Dye obtained from the Indian mulberry
28 Commonwealth
29 Woman's name
30 Mother of Pentheus (Greek myth.)
31 Cardinal number
33 Sculptured slab or pillar of stone
34 A man's name
35 Measures of time
37 Star in the constellation Gemini
38 Embankment, as in railroad construction
42 Embodying spiritual perfection
46 Thorny tree of India
49 Recites musically
50 The symbol for an element
51 A cap or headdress for women
53 Nearsighted person
54 Earth as a goddess (Greek myth.)
55 City in Alaska
56 Scent
57 Chinese money of account
58 Approach
59 The solid constituent of urine
60 People of a branch of the Tai race
61 Beards
64 Town in Germany
65 Slight flap
66 Gypsy gentleman



Answer to last week's puzzle

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

The Right Shampoo for You

By Eileen Bourne

STATISTICS that would interest me would show a comparison of the number of women who today intrust their shampoo work entirely to professionals with the number who ten or a dozen years ago hung their heads over their own washbowls.

The increase in favor of professional work would prove in excess of 50 per cent undoubtedly.

The reasons for the professional's popularity are, for one, that marcelling has become a fixed and regular habit with thousands of women who a dozen years ago curled their own, rag-papered it, or indulged in the orgy of a professional's service only in the event of a wedding or summons to a grand ball. The water and finger wave necessitating a wetting of the hair anyway, why not have the shampooing done at the same time?

The passing of the sunny back yard or porch, where the wettest head could be hung out to dry, is another subscribing impulse toward the hot-air driers. And, finally, that current alibi for everything—lack of time—adds to the swan song of the home-washed head. If you can slip into a booth at an appointed hour, have your hair washed, dried, and curled, and be on your way to an appointment within an hour—why not?

How many women today wash their own hair?

So, talking home shampoos, our audience takes on the aspect of a diminishing one. But women have yet to show a real interest in the professional shampoo. They seem to take it for granted that they get their money's worth.

In reputable establishments they do. But there are establishments in which it might be just as well to make inquiry about the nature of the preparation poured over scalp and hair. It is a curious phase of feminine psychology that not to cook, dressmaker, milliner, or grocer does woman submit herself so unquestioningly, so humbly, as to one with the surroundings of a beauty expert to support her sometimes dubious claims.

This is no diatribe against professional work on scalp and hair. On the contrary. Nevertheless, shampooing, good shampooing, is so important a factor in the preservation of tone and life luster to hair that one should know the reputation of a house for conscientious work before submitting one's only head of hair to its ministrations.

The very speed asked by the client herself, and the quick turnover deemed necessary to the success of certain type institutions are responsible in some instances for pretty shoddy hair work. The difference is recognized when under more leisurely circumstances one is given time, acid- and alkali-free shampoo liquid, and hand-drying treatment.

Hair, when properly shampooed, should feel soft to the touch. It should not feel or look as if the life had been taken right out of it. It should never have that brittle response to the touch that so often follows excessive drying heat and a generally hurried performance. The resort to brilliantine or other glossing oils immediately after the shampoo is an expedient that, except in cases of abnormally dry hair, might be unnecessary were the shampooing and drying done with less haste and more skill. One professional, with every facility at hand in her own privately owned and most successful shop, does her own shampooing. Not because of fear of harmful shampoo ingredients, naturally, but because it offers her an opportunity for a twenty-minute vigorous scalp massage while rubbing it dry.

The frequency with which shampoos should be given is an individual question, influenced largely by living conditions and, in extreme cases, by excessive oiliness or dryness of the hair. Under normal circumstances there is no need to change from the usual two- or three-week periods. In the case of extremely dry hair washing can be overdone, and some dermatologists now argue that washing may be overdone with oily hair too. The theory is that washing every few days makes oily hair more oily and the growing tendency is to treat oily hair with oil in shampoo or scalp treatment, oil being more successful at cutting oil than soap and water.

THE blonde is most concerned about her shampoo, or should be. The beauty of her hair is more easily imperiled with too caustic lotion or careless, inefficient rinsing and drying. She, more than her sisters, suffers more keenly the common tendency for hair to darken as she grows older. In a desperate moment she is easily persuaded to go in for bleaching and, if not careful, may evolve into one of those brittle, sizzling blondes. The white-hennaed blonde, incidentally, is quickly supplanting the old-time corn-yellow favorite.

But to preserve the envied natural tone the blonde should not go in for strong sodas. They may keep the color light but will destroy the natural oils and "life" quality. White of egg is an old favorite, tried and reasonably true. A good castile soap may be shaved and reduced to liquid form. When cool, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff may be added to the mixture, the hair lathered well, and the scalp rubbed thoroughly and rinsed.

The success of all shampoos hinges more or less on the perfect rinsings. There is lemon soap, too, which contains oil of lemon, that likewise may be shaved and reduced to liquid form. A tiny pinch of borax may be safely added and, immediately before using, the white of an egg beaten stiffly into it makes a fine shampoo for blonde hair. Pronounced brunettes may adopt the same procedure, substituting the yolk of eggs for the white.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

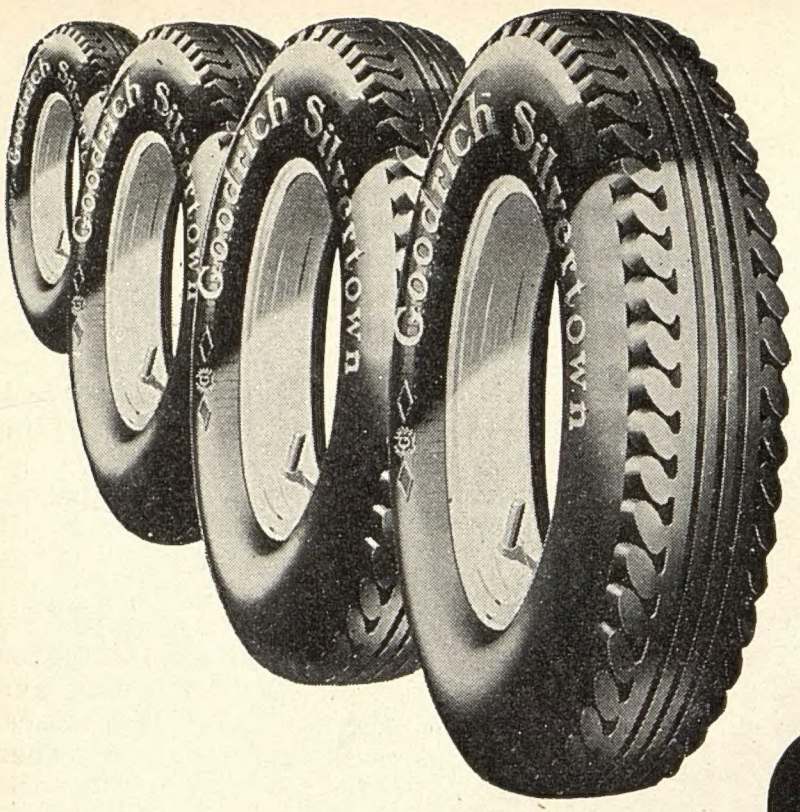
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

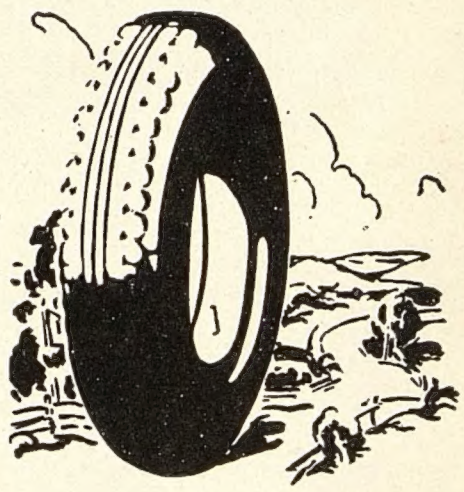
City ..... State 141



Goodrich picks LIBERTY

THE B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, makers of the famous Goodrich tires, will use LIBERTY for one of the outstanding automobile tire campaigns of 1929. During the coming year they will use LIBERTY to the extent of 22 full pages — 11 double spreads.

LIBERTY, a young magazine in years, welcomes another veteran advertiser to its pages. Goodrich naturally wants to put its advertising before LIBERTY'S responsive reader audience—reach the youthful-minded, on-the-go generation who keep the car from collecting cobwebs in the garage, and who demand long life and 100% service from the rubber on their wheels. Goodrich is one of many leading advertisers who have sensed that LIBERTY is destined to ride high on the tide of public acceptance in 1929. These advertisers have backed their farsightedness by placing LIBERTY on their 1929 schedules.



Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

LIBERTY'S CIRCULATION NOW OVER 2,000,000 EACH WEEK

what a whale of a difference
just a few *drops* make

Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few **cents** *make*

. . . a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.